

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks



Frederic
Anderson

JUNE 1941



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Ewing Galloway

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

GREETINGS

In these days of great uncertainties and the swiftly moving and ever changing world events which focus attention on the fate of the Democracies and the rights of free and independent people, I would urge that every lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks renew their allegiance to our glorious Flag by celebrating Flag Day on June 14th in a truly patriotic manner.

The watch-word of the day is "PREPAREDNESS" and, as the outstanding patriotic and fraternal organization, ours is a rare privilege to demonstrate to the Nation and to the whole world that the heritage won for us by our forefathers will be preserved.

Special attention should be given to inculcate in the minds and in the hearts of all our citizens, a reverence and love for this beautiful emblem of the freedom and tolerance that still prevails in this land of ours and a demonstration of unity to those in our midst who would destroy the very foundations of our life and liberty.

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee recommends a public ceremony of our Flag Day ritual as an impressive service and one that will enrich and increase the prestige of your lodge. They will gladly assist all who desire their suggestions.

This is but one of the many ways in which an Elks lodge may prove its worth to its community. One which we may use to demonstrate to all that we are a SERVICE as well as a FRATERNAL organization. In sponsoring patriotic and welfare projects in the community, we will rekindle and keep alive the spirit and enthusiasm of our membership and add countless numbers to our rolls.

One of the earliest recommendations of my administration as Grand Exalted Ruler was the adoption of

a budget by each lodge. I have seen it demonstrated that this procedure has been the first step to greater financial progress and independence. The constitution is very specific on this point and though I feel it unnecessary to quote Section No. 128, which deals with its adoption, I am hopeful that each lodge has adopted its budget.

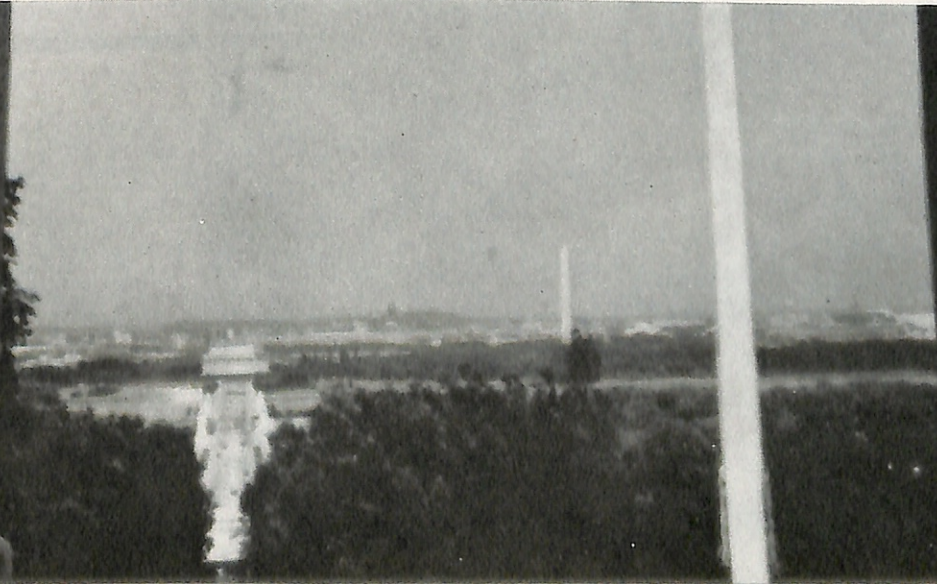
From all sections of the country have come fine reports of the membership activities, and the Essay Contest conducted by the Elks National Defense Commission has been an outstanding project. To these have been added many local and state programs and all are fitting into a pattern of a job well done, the details of which I hope to present to the Grand Lodge at its annual session in Philadelphia.

At this gathering, we will consider the progress thus far made and the new Exalted Rulers will have an opportunity to meet their fellow Elks and discuss the program for the coming year.

Be sure your lodge is represented, and if possible have a delegation in the annual parade.

Do your part as an Elk.

Joe Buech
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



JUNE 1941

Contents



THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler	1
Murder on Sanctity Key..... Wyatt Blassingame	4
Grand Lodge Convention Program.....	8
Arms and the Men..... Stanley Frank	9
Soldier of the King..... William Fay	10
Your Dog..... Ed Faust	14
Rod and Gun..... Ray Trullinger	15
Elks National Defense Program.....	16
What America Is Reading..... Harry Hansen	17
With Richards on Safari..... Kent Richards	18
Editorials	22
Recently Initiated Elks.....	24
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits.....	26
Under the Antlers.....	28
Vacations Unlimited..... John Ransom	48

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Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

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CALIFORNIA	Amsterdam, No. 101
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San Francisco, No. 3	Plattsburg, No. 621
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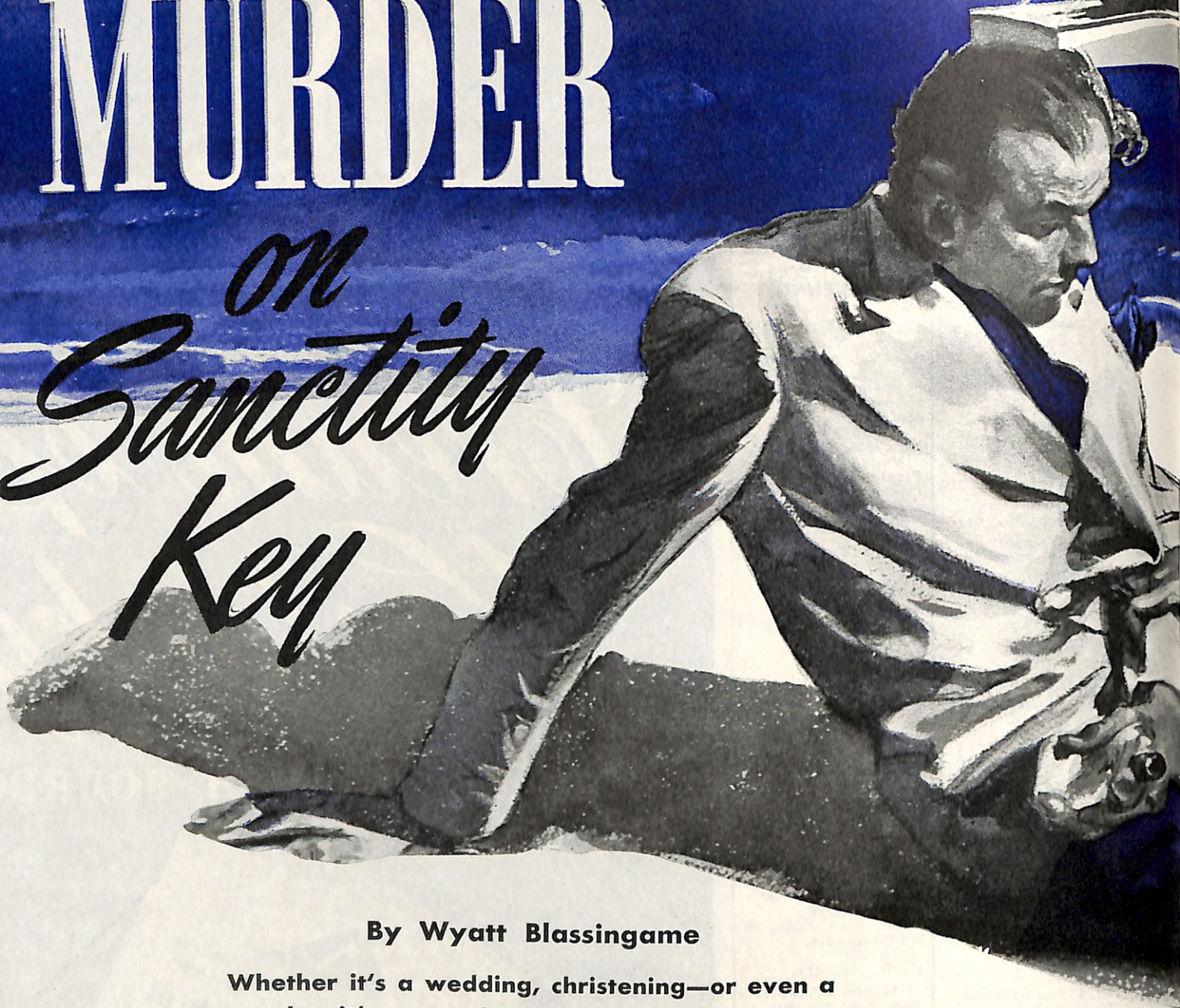
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MURDER

on Sanctity Key



By Wyatt Blassingame

Whether it's a wedding, christening—or even a murder, it's sure to be different on Sanctity Key

WHEN anything big happens on Sanctity Key it may go by the name that such things use elsewhere: it may be called a wedding or a christening or a murder. But the name is about all that events on Sanctity Key have in common with the rest of the world. Down here we do things different.

Sanctity Key is a little island off the southwest coast of Florida, and although the ninety-odd inhabitants know there is a war going on somewhere, they are not particularly interested. They aren't even interested in old-age pensions, even though the average age of the citizens is about sixty-five. However, you couldn't say the island was stagnant; not with the continual, fresh flow of gossip and verbal backstabbing we have. And then, too, almost every winter or so some new, foolhardy tourist drifts in, and generally stays on forever, maybe because he has

forgotten where he came from and maybe because the island just naturally attracts, magnet-like, the kind of people who belong here.

Beno Hardwick was one of our best. He lived alone in a green stucco house on the road near Big Catfish Bayou and he looked like a cartoon of Prohibition, which he practically was. He was somewhere in his fifties and he had two hobbies: circulating petitions to have people kicked off the island because of their bad moral influence, and growing roses; and he had two violent hatreds: sin in any form, and anybody who would cut, or even suggest cutting, a single one of his rosebuds. To Beno that was the worst of all sins, or at least as bad as the worst. It was as bad as getting drunk with immoral women. Beno said it killed the rose bushes to cut the buds. Beno's roses were born to blush unseen and waste their fra-

grance on his backyard atmosphere.

So, Beno being what he was, the night I saw him leap frantically into the brush beside the road, his nightgown flapping up around legs that were long and skinny as those of a whooping crane, I naturally stopped to investigate. I probably would have stopped even if I hadn't been pleasantly tight.

I was coming back from a party at Potter Murch's place and I had driven a quarter mile before I realized that I hadn't shifted out of second gear; and after I had done that it must have been a minute or two before I remembered to turn on my lights. And that was when I thought I saw old Beno Hardwick take to the brush some fifty yards ahead. I couldn't be certain—you know how it is sometimes—but that's what I thought I saw. So when I got to the place I stopped the car and looked around.



"You damned well tried to kill me," I said. "You frightened me! I didn't know what I was doing!" Beno bleated.

There was a half moon drooping over the Gulf, but some clouds from a recent thunder storm were still blowing around and the moonlight sort of came and went. I couldn't see anything except the grass and a clump of seagrape and buttonwood alongside the road.

I called, "Hey, Beno?" There wasn't any answer. A couple of mosquitoes whined up and took bites at my ear, that was all. I got my flashlight out of the glove compartment and flashed it around—and sure enough there was something white squatting back of a Spanish bayonet.

"Hey, Beno!" I called again.

Whatever it was didn't move, so I got out of the car to look closer. And it moved then. It practically flew at me, flapping around that Spanish bayonet and springing toward me like some long, gavnt and underfed ghost. I made a queer kind of noise which I don't remember and would have departed immediately if I hadn't caught my foot in the grass and fallen. By that time I was able to get up again I realized that what towered over me was only Beno Hardwick after all. It took me a little while to get my breath back.

When I got a good look at him I saw he was more frightened than I was. His face was as white as his

nightgown and his thinnish brown hair fell over his forehead and ears like a wig for Mr. Hyde; his teeth were chattering, his nightgown shook like a jellyfish in the surf, and beneath it his knees were drumming on one another. I said something, I don't remember exactly what—something like, "What the hell, Beno?"

Any smile on Beno Hardwick's face would have been sickly and out of place, but this one he conjured up was absolutely ghastly. And after he had smiled at me that way for a few seconds he said, "Er-r, hello, Johnny. It's, er, hot tonight, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I said. "Were you looking

for a breeze back of that Spanish bayonet?"

He tried another one of those grisly grins, but his knees had started to shake all over again. "I wasn't looking for a breeze," he said. "No. I—well, I was looking for a mockingbird."

I began to wonder if I wasn't drunker than I had thought I was. Benoit was saying, "That's it! There was a mockingbird singing in my rose garden and —" That seemed to terrify him all over again. "Not in the roses!" he yelled. "He was in the hedge! That's where he was!"

"Then why look for him over here across the road?"

"He flew over here when I came out of the house. He was a very unusual mockingbird, very, er, large. I wanted a closer look at him."

That was when I saw the lipstick on Benoit Hardwick's face—and all

One of Potter's blondes came over to get the straight of the story from me and I realized that I should be phoning the sheriff.

Illustrated by
L. R. GUSTAVSON

at once my head was full of wild ideas, because I had trouble believing my own eyes. But there it was, a reddish smear on his left cheek.

Well, you know the kind of things a fellow has no more sense than to think of, and does, after he's had a few snifters—and I'd had several. I said, "Beno, old boy, I didn't know you were an ornithologist, but it's something I'm glad to learn. Some other time I'll help you look for mockingbirds, and maybe a cute little wren or two." And without waiting for him to answer I got back in my car and drove down the road fast and around the first curve. Then I parked and got out and beat it back toward Benoit's, keeping in the



shadows and going as fast as I could.

He wasn't in sight, but I could hear him moving through the brush toward Big Catfish Bayou. I tipped along after him, listing in my mind all the women on the island and wondering which one had finally got Beno Hardwick interested in the facts of life. It was too good to be true, and I had to have the straight of it.

When I got closer I could see somebody stretched comfortably on the grass beside the bayou. Beno was on his knees, in that long white gown, making little gibbering sounds like an amorous dove and patting awkwardly at the person with him. I would have swapped my next week's supply of liquor for a camera and a flash-bulb.

Then the moon came out and solved my problem. Maybe that moonlight was no brighter than it has often been, but to me it seemed like a searchlight. It seemed to explode brilliance—and I could see that it wasn't a woman there with Beno Hardwick. And Beno wasn't just patting at him either. It was a man with the whole back of his head gone, and Beno was tying an iron sashweight to his wrists.

I must of yelled. I didn't intend to. It was just one of those things that you do and find out about later. I was sure I had yelled when Beno swung around, still kneeling, and looked at me across the twenty feet of moonlit clearing.

Then Beno yelled. It wasn't like any sound I ever heard before and I hope I never hear it again. It was crazy. And Beno reached around back of him and got that sashweight and swung it up, his body coming up with it, looking twelve feet tall in that white nightgown, and he came rushing at me.

Just what happened in the next second or two is kind of blurred. I stood there gaping at him, unable to move, looking at his face gone blank and mad, and at the sashweight already beginning to swing down at my head, for what seemed to be just a little bit less than three days. I couldn't move. I stood and gawked and felt my head already being bashed in. And then I did move. Which way I don't know, but whichever way it was, it was in a hurry. Then things were more mixed than ever. I must have stumbled and fallen and Beno must have fallen, for we were all tangled together on the ground and Beno was yelling, "Don't, Johnny! Don't hit me anymore!"

I didn't know I had been hitting him. Maybe he had just been between me and whatever direction I was trying to go, and I didn't have either time or sense enough to turn around and go in the other one. Anyway, there we were and he didn't have the sashweight anymore and he was yelling, "I didn't kill him, Johnny! I didn't kill him!"

"You damn' sure tried to kill me," I said.

"You frightened me! I didn't know what I was doing!"

I took the pint bottle out of my hip pocket, thankful of the foresight which had made me bring it along when I left the car, and I drank a couple of fingers. Braced, and sure that Beno was no longer dangerous, I took a sideways glance at the corpse. "Oh-oh," I said. "Him!"

It was, or had been, Mr. Roscoe Swinton. Roscoe was a retired lawyer who had come to Sanctity Key a couple of years back, and he was a practical joker if ever there was one. He was one of those guys without limits, who will go to any amount of trouble for his joke. And Beno Hardwick had been his pet victim. Roscoe had picked Beno's roses. He would slip into Beno's yard at night and cut every rosebud on the bushes and then send dozens of them to the various people that Beno hated most at that time. Beno had sworn to fill him full of buckshot if ever he caught him in his (Beno's) yard, and now it looked as if Beno had caught him.

But Beno said no. He was drooling at the mouth, pawing at me, saying, "I didn't do it, Johnny! I didn't do it! I just found him in the garden! And even if I did kill him, I didn't mean to!"

"You don't make sense," I told him.

He kept pawing at me. "Let's go back to my house! I'll tell you all about it there—please, Johnny."

"And leave Roscoe?" I debated awhile. I was the local deputy (a non-paying job, unfortunately) and I had read somewhere that a corpse shouldn't be moved from the scene of the crime until the sheriff and the coroner had arrived. But this corpse, it seemed, had already been moved. "We better carry him back to your house," I said. "We can't leave him here. You take his hands and I'll take his feet."

Beno howled in protest. "I can't touch him!" he yelled.

"You didn't get him out here by blowing on him," I said. "Grab ahold."

So we carried Roscoe Swinton back to Beno's house and stretched him out in the living room. In the light it was very plain what a shotgun had done to the back of his head, and it wasn't pretty. I took another drink.

Beno sat with his head in his hands. "I'd gone to bed," he whimpered. "I'd gone to bed and I wasn't bothering anybody. And then I heard him out in my rose garden."

"So you blew the back of his head off."

"I didn't mean to! And anyhow I couldn't have, because I shot 'way over his head. I shot a yard over his head. I couldn't have hit him!"

"Maybe he jumped."

"But he ran away. I heard him running away and I ran out to chase after him and that's when—" He made a few gulping noises. "I stumbled over him."

"So then you decided to dump him in the bayou?"

"I was scared. I didn't know what to do. I knew everybody'd claim I killed him on purpose. So I started to take him to the bayou and then you saw me and I had to hide him in the bushes and—"

"So that's not lipstick on your cheek," I said. "That's blood."

He yowled again and began to paw at his cheek like it had suddenly caught fire. At least he was telling the truth about being scared. He kept pleading with me, "I didn't do it, Johnny. You find out who really did it. You're a deputy and—"

"A non-paid job," I said.

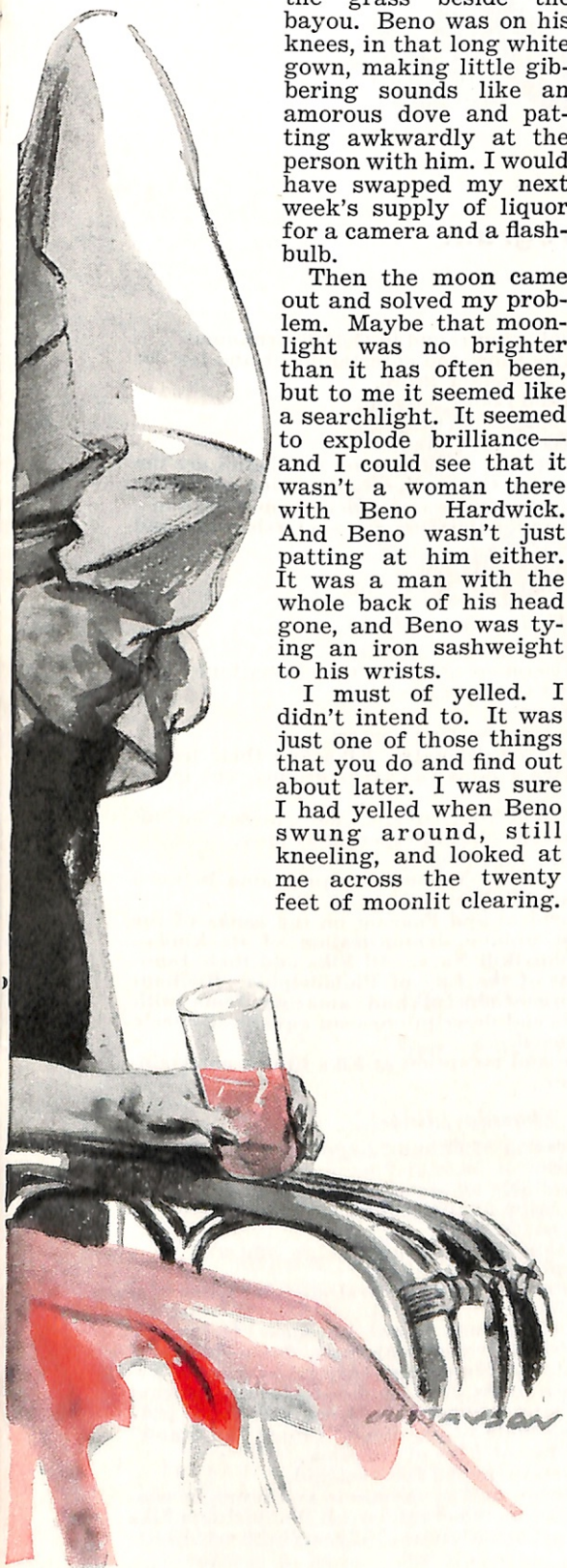
"I'll pay you. I'll do anything, if you'll only find out I didn't do it! I don't want to be hanged!"

"They don't hang people in Florida anymore," I said, comfortingly. "They send them to the electric chair. They tell me that's almost instantaneous."

He wailed like a pig caught in a picket fence. You'd have thought that the way Beno Hardwick had spent his life combating sin, he'd have no fear of the future—but he certainly didn't have any affection for it either. He didn't want to hurry and meet it. Maybe he was just worried about the future of Sanctity Key without him to look after its moral welfare.

I had another drink and after that I began to figure that if Beno Hardwick hadn't killed Roscoe, then

(Continued on page 39)



THE GRAND LODGE Convention

Philadelphia's 1941 Convention Program

Saturday, July 12

Reception. Arrival of Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies. Official guard of honor will provide escort to hotels. Convention Corporation Band will furnish the music and band concerts.

Registration. Grand Lodge Members and delegates at headquarters hotel—The Bellevue-Stratford. Members and their ladies will register at Elks Club—1320 Arch Street.

Dance and Open House—Elks and their ladies at Elks Club.

Sunday, July 13

Churches. Special Elks Services.

Sightseeing Tours. Escorted tours will be made to Independence Hall, Carpenter's Hall, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church, and many other points of historical interest in the center of Philadelphia—tours will also be available to Valley Forge and Longwood Gardens.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips will be available for delightful trip down the historic Delaware—past Philadelphia Navy Yard and the "arsenal of America".

Golfing. For those who desire it.

Swimming. Your choice of many opportunities.

Dancing and open house at the Elks Club.

Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committeemen, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and District Deputies—and their ladies—will dine and dance at the "Farm" of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.

Monday, July 14

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice.

Golf. First qualifying match.

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest in Lodge Room of Elks Club. Sightseeing Tours will continue; specially escorted tours from all central city hotels and from Elks Club.

Open House. All day and night at Elks Club.

Registration continues. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for Delegates—Elks Club for Elks and their ladies.

Boat Trips. Special boat trips available.

Swimming. Many parties will be arranged.

8:00 P.M. Opening ceremonies at Independence Hall. National Broadcasting of ceremonies which are open to the public. All Elks and ladies to be guests of Grand Lodge. Special patriotic extravaganza.

Dancing and receptions in all night clubs in central city—special "movie" entertainment.

Open House at Elks Club and every fraternal club house in central city. Entertainment and dancing.

Tuesday, July 15

10:00 A.M. Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence. Election of officers.

10:00 A.M. National Elks Trapshooting Contest.

10:00 A.M. Continuation of Ritualistic Contest.

Registration Continues.

Sightseeing Tours. Available morning and afternoon.

12:30 P.M. Lunch given by newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler to delegates.

12:38 P.M. Lunch by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch for the District Deputies.

1:30 P.M. Second qualifying round in Golf Tournament.

2:00 P.M. Special style show and entertainment and tea for ladies at John Wanamaker Store.

2:00 P.M. Special Grand Lodge Session.

Swimming. Special "splash parties".

6:00 P.M. State Association Dinners.

8:30 P.M. Special boat trip. All delegates and ladies are the guests of Philadelphia Convention Corporation on "Show Boat" cruise down the Delaware. Open-air movies, dancing, floor show and entertainment—refreshments and surprises.

Open House at all central city clubs.

Dancing and entertainment at Elks Club.

Wednesday, July 16

10:00 A.M. Ritualistic Contest continues.

10:00 A.M. Regular Sessions of Grand Lodge continue.

11:00 A.M. Drill Corps Contests.

1:00 P.M. Band Contests.

Skeet Contest follows trapshooting contest.

Registration continues for delegates, Elks and their ladies.

Glee Club Contest. Two groups (a) large groups; (b) quartettes, etc.

1:30 P.M. Playoff of Golf Tournament. Many prizes, including the John J. Doyle \$2,000 Perpetual Trophy.

Sightseeing. Tours still available.

2:30 P.M. Baseball game. National League game between Chicago Cubs and "Phillies".

7:00 P.M. Water Carnival and Pageant on the banks of the Schuylkill. Most unique demonstration of its kind—staged by the Schuylkill Navy. All Elks and their families will be guests of the City of Philadelphia. Brilliant fireworks displays—Colorful and amazing feats with boats of all kinds and descriptions—an aquatic spectacle magnificently staged.

Dancing, open house and reception at Elks Club—entertainment—floor show.

Thursday, July 17

10:00 A.M. Final Session of Grand Lodge Reunion.

Registration continues.

Sightseeing Tours available all morning.

Boat Trips. Special trips available down Delaware—swimming and shore parties.

12:30 P.M. Installation of new Grand Lodge Officers.

Open house and reception at Elks Club.

Dancing and entertainment at all central city clubs—special movie entertainment.

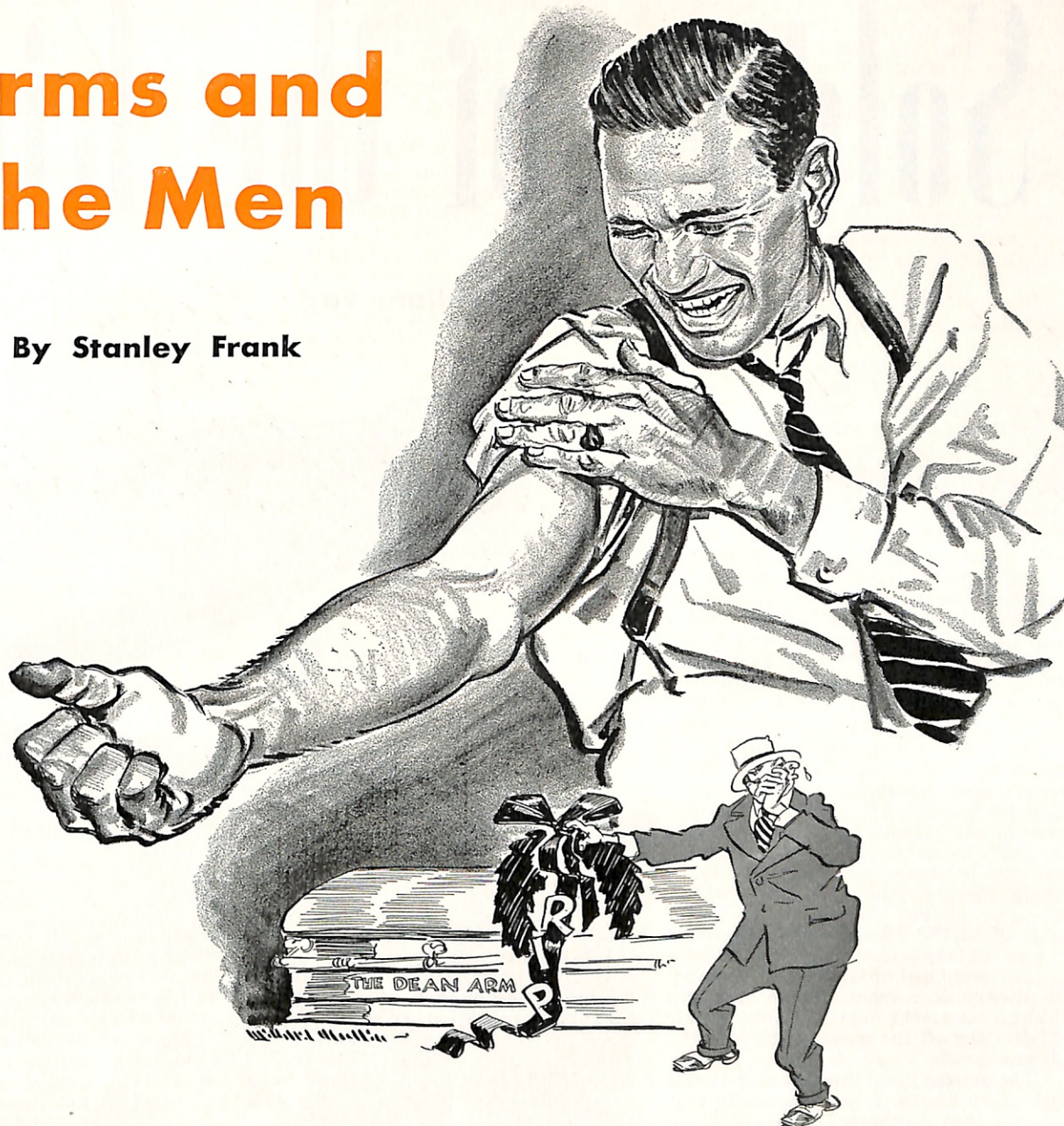
7:30 P.M. Parade. Patriotic night parade—"Defending America"—electrical display with state floats—units of famous Philadelphia Mimmers—Army, Navy and Marine Corps detachments and bands—historical pageant by New Jersey State Association—"Gone with the Wind" motif by Georgia State delegation—"United We Stand" spectacle staged by the Elks of America.

Tours to nearby resorts arranged for weekend.

NOTE—For information and reservations and entry in contests and parade write, telegraph or call Philadelphia Elks 1941 Convention Corporation—1320 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

Arms and the Men

By Stanley Frank



Mr. Frank sheds a passing tear over the poor dead pitching arms which litter the graveyards of both leagues.

A PROPER object of sympathy of all sensitive citizens, save those whose business it is to bash a baseball with vigor and authority, is Mr. Dizzy Dean, the gentleman athlete who now is ready for the day's labors after gargling briskly in the morning. This graduate dollar-a-day cotton picker, when he could get it, has been reduced to the pitiful penury of accepting \$10,000 a season from the Chicago Cubs for pitching now and then and seldom too well.

Ordinarily, the W. P. A. boys and the white-collar brigade have little tearful truck for a guy who gets ten grand a year, but Mr. Dean is different. Mr. Dean is a ball player and, therefore, a Hero. As recently as

two years ago he was getting \$20,000 a season and a fifty percent cut produces a sympathetic reaction, even by remote control, where most people live. Five short years ago Dean was a magnificent pitcher; today, at thirty, he is through, washed up, and earns a piece of his salary only through his curiosity pull at the gate.

It's a dirty shame, of course. Dean is as strong and healthy as he ever was. He probably knows more about the technique of pitching than he ever did. But he hasn't been a serviceable winner in the major leagues for four years and it is a sad duty to report that he never will be again. In firing the imagination of the American public, Dean pulled or twisted something out of whack in

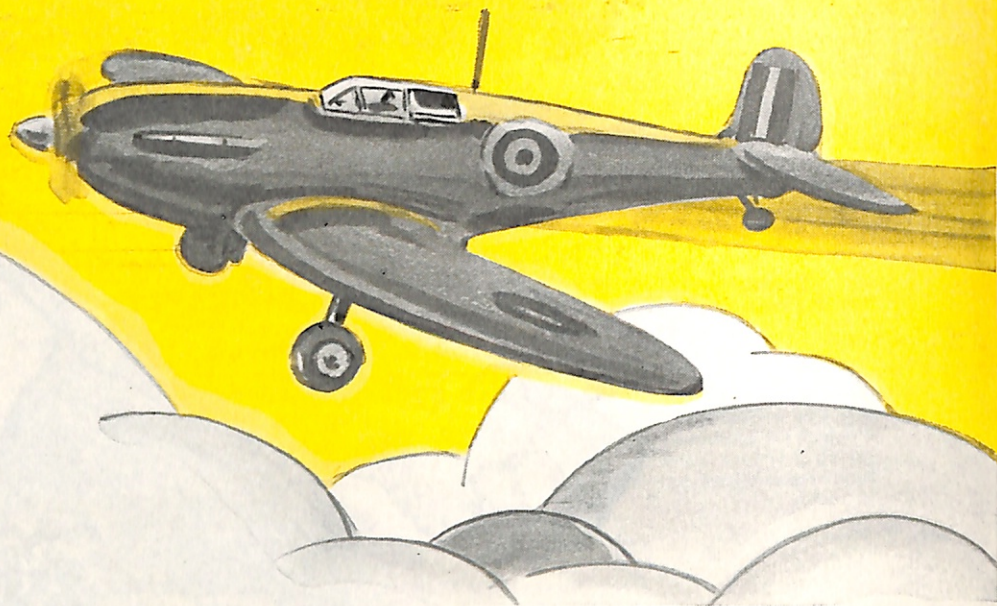
his right shoulder and with it went a glamorous career before same reached full maturity.

Dean is the most tragic figure actively connected with sport at the present time, yet he is the exaggerated, rather than the isolated, example of what is happening in baseball. To mention all the outstanding pitchers who have lost a good deal of their effectiveness and professional value in the last five years as a result of sore arms is to make a once-over-lightly survey of practically every first-class pitcher in the major leagues.

The great Carl Hubbell, the only man who could challenge Dean's hold upon the public, cracked up suddenly
(Continued on page 43)

Soldier of the King

By William Fay



AS ALWAYS, when he saw the enemy upstairs, the blood went out of Gallagher, the way it always does when you're about to fight a man with fists, or throw a pair of dice for all the money you possess. Just scared.

The Nazis must have hung themselves on hooks to be a thousand feet above the Spitfires. They'd come down, two Messerschmidts, full out, depending on the angle of their dives to intercept the faster British planes. Gallagher got one of them. He got the Nazi fast, holding his breath and burning his guns until the German ship exploded in the air. The other Nazi limped away and there had not been time to herd him down. There was a job to do.

"You're all right, Gallagher," Nedley said. "You bet your life you are."

They could speak to one another as they flew—Gallagher and Charlie Binns and Nedley, who commanded. It was good to talk into the microphone and good to hear a strong voice in the earphones when you weren't certain of yourself. If you could be master of your voice at all, you made a manly sound and did not betray the horrible trembling that

went on deep down inside you.

Charlie said, "You potted him, Joe. Nice shot." Charlie's voice was much too big in the phones, as though he'd taken several breaths before he let it go.

Nedley said again, "You're all right, Gallagher," and Joe said back to his superior, "Just what the hell did you think I'd be?"

They laughed.

The Spitfires flew high and very fast, unseen against the ceiling of sky, their small bombs tight against their stomachs, like eagle claws streamlined against the wind. They flew east of the Channel now, with the captive land of the French beneath their wings, and the miles fled under their wings, six times faster than the minutes went away.

Joe Gallagher was the American, sealed tight and pretty in the glass enclosure of the Spitfire's pit like something good to eat. This was—this special mission into France—the end of Gallagher, he feared. This was the end of Gallagher because his mouth, his pride of self before his comrades and his gift for volunteering had been quicker than his courage seemed to be right now. He was twenty-six years old and big and very

much alone. He looked just dandy, sitting there, immobile save for large hands set upon the dials and the turn of his head every now and then as he watched the morning sky.

He wondered if his comrades knew that back a little way—before he'd shot the Messerschmidt into the Channel—that the thought crept in, the thought and hope born of fear, that maybe in the fight he'd be deterred from that tough job that lay ahead of them; there'd be a better chance to live and get back home again. He loathed himself for having such a thought. But he was not content with sacrifice as full as this. He had no desire to end his healthy life so surely, inescapably as one of three who'd put their necks out rapidly as turkeys for a bit of corn the moment Major Drew had uttered, "Volunteer."

All right to volunteer for jobs like that. That's fine, if you don't care, if you can afford to throw yourself away—and maybe if you're old, if you've forgotten what it's like to have a girl who's young, alive, whose blood is warm, who waits for you—then maybe it's all right. He looked at Marcia's picture, where he'd pasted it before him. The picture

Gallagher stuck his neck out. He volunteered for certain death. And he didn't want to die.

smiled a lonely little smile for him. It was the picture of a girl whose face was kind, who had the whitest skin, the blackest hair.

"Marcia," she had told him. "Marcia Binns." While she danced with him, head back and looking at him, while the lights were very low and blue where they danced, and he could not tell, in such a light, the color of her gown. Her eyes were big and dark and happy eyes. He had never danced with such a lovely girl in England.

"Binns? You mean the same as in Charlie Binns?" She smiled that this was so. "Then you're Charlie's sister? That's why you're here?"

"Because I'm Charlie's sister. Yes."

"But I never knew he had a sister."

"Charlie's always so modest."

"Well, that's fine. That's wonderful. That's just about the nicest thing I know."

"I like it, too."

"My name is Gallagher. Soldier of the King. All day long I tell myself that I'm a soldier of the King. It sounds like something we don't have in Buffalo. Though we've got stuff in Buffalo you couldn't even imag-

ine. We've got everything but buffalos in Buffalo."

"Charlie gave me the particulars, Lieutenant. He told me that you wrote a song about yourself. Something rather fine that all the boys are singing."

"He told you what? Oh, that. Charlie and the boys just think I wrote the song. What I did was steal a song and change the words around. It's really, 'The Eagles They Fly High In Mobile.'"

"What did you say it was?"

He told her once again. "If I really wrote a song," he said. "If I knew how—I'd put you in it, Marcia. Sure I would. You'd be the whole damned thing."

"Thank you, Mr. Gallagher." She put her head back where it should be, if they were to dance. The Noel Coward music was soft and ancient, precious. It was "I'll See You Again", and serviceable to the moment as an Anglo-American anthem. She said softly, against his shoulder, "Charlie warned me you would be like that."

"Like what?"

"Like—oh, rather silly, and very brave. Gallant. So many things that

people seem to know about you."

He pushed her away, to look at her again. He found her calm and serious, her fine face looking up at his appraisingly. He liked this girl, and what she thought of him was, momentarily, at least, the most important thing he knew. "Anything wrong? Anything terrible they said about me, Marcia?"

"No. Only the pleasantest things, of course. And most of it from Charlie. You probably know how fond he is of you."

"Well, he never asked me to dance. He's a good kid, Charlie. A nice boy. A crazy bum."

The music stopped and they had walked across the floor together. They had found food and drinks on the broad buffet that was set for the officers and guests. Dimly, through the steaming windows, they had seen the January snow fall steadily in the bitter outdoor night. The dance was in the auditorium of a suburban church, perhaps thirty miles from London. The logs in an open fire were glowing and vast, cut from the full bellies of local trees. The fire gave uneven but welcome heat. He was grateful and happy to be standing there and looking at this girl. "Here's to Buffalo," she said and raised her glass.

"You're very good to me," he said. "Stay close." He tried, with mild success, to keep away from friends, acquaintances. He danced with her again. They talked. He learned some things about her. Not too much. Not very much at all. She was Charlie's older sister, Marcia said, and almost twenty-one. She had gone to school in France, before the war, and had made several of the cakes spread on the supper board, besides some knitted underwear for Charlie to assist against the frigid trials of winter flight. "And some for you," she promised, "—when I know you better, Joe."

"That will be the day," he said. "I'll wear the underwear outside my uniform."

Once, while they were dancing in the shaded light, and while her face was turned toward his, he kissed her lightly. She just put her head back on his shoulder. They kept dancing. He said, "Marcia." She was warm and close to him. "Marcia, darling." He felt her head, her lovely hair press closer to his face. He said, "I'm not cheating, Marcia. I'm not being cheap, romantic for tonight. This counts. This is the business, Marcia."

She said, "Don't make me answer, Joe." She said it softly. She was so tender. He could not tell why she was this way. "Just hold me. Just keep dancing, Joe."

"I'll see you tomorrow," he said. "I'll be at liberty tomorrow." She said there was some shopping she must do. "I'll see you then in London. I can help you with your shopping."

"You help me very much," she said, smiling at him. "You're the biggest, nicest help I know."



This, he feared, was the end of Gallagher, sealed tight and pretty in the glass enclosure of the Spitfire's pit.

Well, he wondered how Charlie felt now, in the crystal morning sky, at thirty thousand feet, wrapped in the underwear that Marcia made for him. "Warm, Charlie? How's it goin', kid?" Gallagher spoke into his microphone.

"Fine, Joe. Snug as an ice cube."

"Don't worry, Gallagher. It will be warm enough soon." That was Nedley speaking. No need to ask him what he meant. "We're very close now, gentlemen. I'll be going down first. Remember orders now. No chivalry. That goes for both of you. You're both the chivalrous kind, and nice lads, too. Whoever is closest at the time will endeavor to pick up the agent. God willing, the other one or two of us will protect the landing with our guns. No need of further questions, is there?" They agreed there was no need of it. "Then why don't we do something pleasant for the next five minutes? Why don't you whistle, Gallagher? That damned fool song you wrote."

Joe whistled the purloined tune. The first few bars of it, then said, "The hell with it." Nobody answered him. The Spitfires flew high and fast and hoped they were not heard.

It had been in the morning, just before his leave—before he had left to shop with Marcia in the London stores. Major Drew had called a dozen of them to his office. The Major was smoothing a map that hung on one wall. He smoked a cigar and offered each of them cigars and gave them whisky, too. He said, "We've had some luck, gentlemen. Fine luck. Intelligence job. You men have been chosen on your records, for your skill and general qualities. But we'll only need three of you. Sit here, Gallagher. Relax, all of you. There now. That's excellent. Now the job is this."

There was an enemy machine shop, the Major said, a small but very important one, some hundred miles from the Channel coast of France. "Make bombsights there. Repair them, too. This little shop fulfills the enemy's needs too well. It's crucial, gentlemen. Just crucial." It was, the Major had explained, camouflaged as neatly as a rabbit in an opera hat. "It's in the countryside. It's here." The Major showed them on the map. "There's really nothing there that anyone can see. It's hills and meadows, chicken houses and snow. A splendid camouflage. A perfect one, because their shop is underground."

The snow, the Major said, because they knew about such things, would still be there tomorrow. About a foot of it. "We've had an agent there who located the place precisely. The agent will be back there tomorrow, will be dropped off tonight. The enemy has not the least idea we're coming. But when he does know—when he finds at last we've come, it shan't be easy for the men who do the job."

The method of spotting the ob-

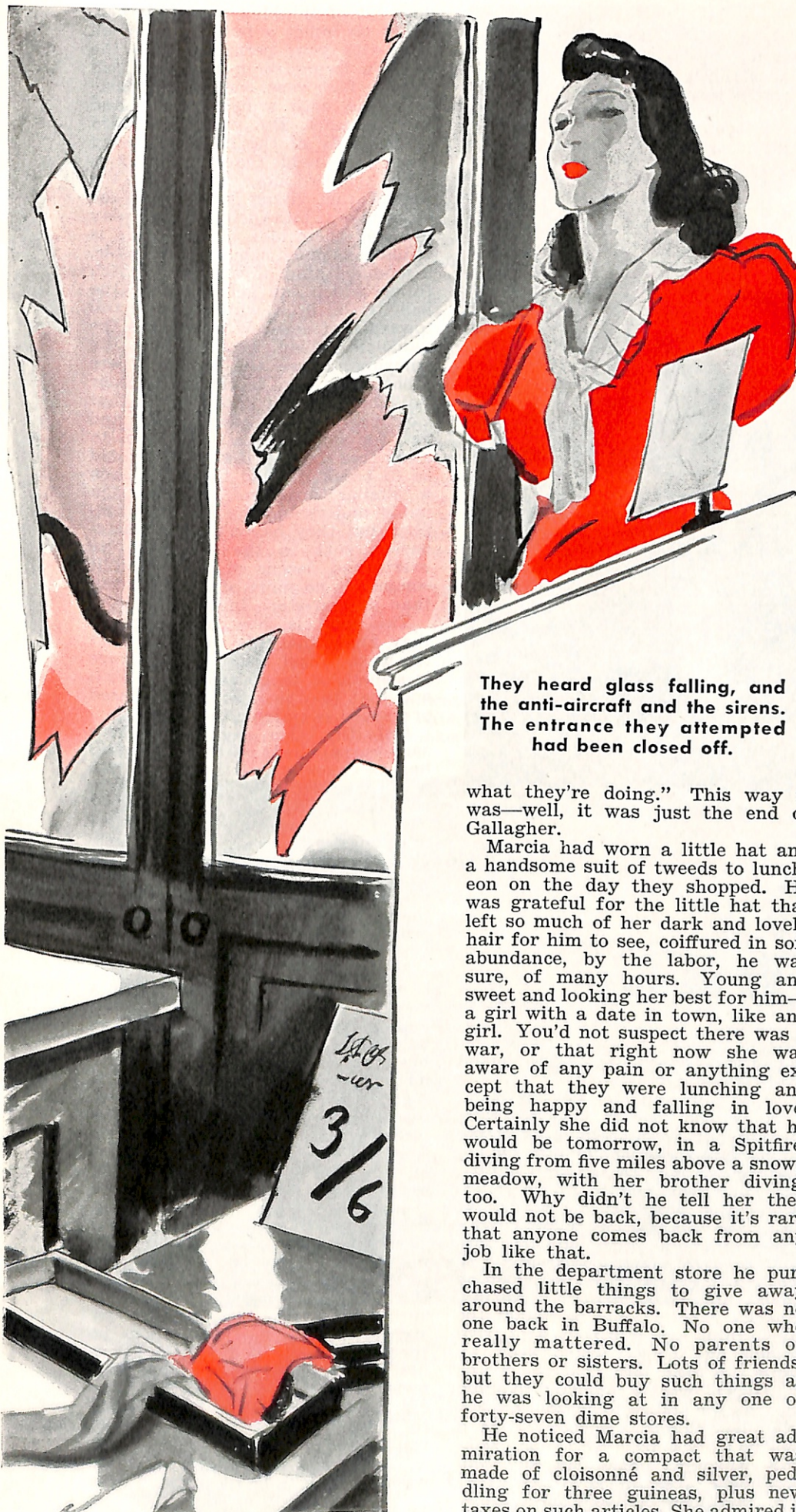
jective, the Major said, had been worked out by the British agent, who, accepted in the locality as a citizen of occupied France, would suddenly negotiate the hill on skis—which was a permissible and not extraordinary thing of itself, this time of year; the agent would come fast and place a small smoke pot on the snowy meadow, precisely above the object of the Spitfires' tidy little bombs. This would occur two minutes after seven in the morning, British time. The agent would ski on. You boys would do your job and every second counted. If possible you would retrieve the agent, who was valuable. You would be lucky, very lucky if you lived to

tell your children what a help you were to England in the War.

Gallagher had found himself and Charlie standing up, along with Captain Nedley, their superior in rank, and even while he stood there, framed for the admiring eyes of others who had not been quite so swift, he knew that he was giving service greater than he wished to give. He was afraid, now that the thing was done. He wished that he had hesitated long enough to have someone else stand in his place, then afterwards, he might have told himself, "I would have volunteered, if I had had the chance. It's just that I didn't jump so quickly as those crazy, pop-eyed kids who don't know

Illustrated by W. EMERTON HEITLAND





They heard glass falling, and the anti-aircraft and the sirens. The entrance they attempted had been closed off.

what they're doing." This way it was—well, it was just the end of Gallagher.

Marcia had worn a little hat and a handsome suit of tweeds to luncheon on the day they shopped. He was grateful for the little hat that left so much of her dark and lovely hair for him to see, coiffured in soft abundance, by the labor, he was sure, of many hours. Young and sweet and looking her best for him—a girl with a date in town, like any girl. You'd not suspect there was a war, or that right now she was aware of any pain or anything except that they were lunching and being happy and falling in love. Certainly she did not know that he would be tomorrow, in a Spitfire, diving from five miles above a snowy meadow, with her brother diving, too. Why didn't he tell her they would not be back, because it's rare that anyone comes back from any job like that.

In the department store he purchased little things to give away around the barracks. There was no one back in Buffalo. No one who really mattered. No parents or brothers or sisters. Lots of friends, but they could buy such things as he was looking at in any one of forty-seven dime stores.

He noticed Marcia had great admiration for a compact that was made of cloisonné and silver, peddling for three guineas, plus new taxes on such articles. She admired it

but she didn't buy, and while she purchased stockings, he bought it quickly, put it in his pocket. The crowd was big and busy in the store.

But then, at two o'clock in the afternoon, you knew there was a war. They heard the sirens, so familiar to the residents of London. There was an orderly procession to the shelters. Daylight raids had been more frequent recently. "They won't get through," Joe said. "Not many of them, anyhow. Are you afraid?"

"No. Not very. But it's rather dreadful, isn't it?"

"It ain't peaches and brandy, pal. But we've seen a lot of them. We're still around."

"I—er—" She bit her lips. She smiled and didn't say the thing she'd been about to say.

"You what?" People were hastening, though in order. He stood beside her at the stocking counter with his arm about her waist, inside her winter jacket. Bombs or no bombs, that was all right, he decided.

"Well, nothing, really, Joe. I just haven't been in London during one of these."

"You've been in the country all the time? You're lucky."

An A.R.P. man moved along the deserted aisles of merchandise. He saluted Joe, removed his hat for Marcia. Joe said, "Okay. We'll go and hide. Which way from here?"

They listened to instructions. The sirens were constant. They heard and felt the earth go up, not far away. She stood with stockings draped across her hands, her long and graceful fingers showing through the silk. She looked up and smiled at him. Her face was just a little pale. She put the stockings back and they began to walk. Marcia said, "It's good to be with you, soldier."

He said, "We've got to get out of here. I love you, Marcia." The earth went up again. They stumbled as they walked. They heard glass falling, not so far away, and the anti-aircraft speaking. They could hear motors, too, though not so clearly. The exit they attempted had been closed. A length of trolley track, of all things, stretched across the shattered swinging doors. Plaster fell, and then the dust of it was rising, powdering the exhibited articles for sale.

There were other exits. "I would just as soon sit here," Joe said. "They won't come that close again." There were no others in the store that they could see. "It's almost worth the raid to be alone with you." There was a staircase, broad and carpeted. They sat upon the third step of the stairs. He brought forth cigarettes and looked at her. She took the cigarette and when he'd lighted it she blew the smoke out slowly, watching him.

"Hello, darling," Marcia said. Her hand closed on his hand.

They sat and listened to the sirens. Like hiding from the cops and listen-

(Continued on page 42)



Photo by Ewing Galloway

Your DOG

By Ed Faust

DO DOGS reason? Perhaps nothing relating to our four-legged friend has provoked more controversy. Some authorities say "Nix", and will add to this that the pooch does not understand speech. These folks will tell you that the dog merely reacts from the memory of past experiences and that his understanding of words is only an understanding of sounds. Others there are who claim that dogs do reason, and point to numerous instances in the way of newspaper stories that cite examples of this. And as to the dog's understanding of sounds rather than words, logically enough these ask what in thunder are spoken words if they're not sounds. In rebuttal the "Nix" school of thought says that the dog can be taught to lie

down by giving him the command word to stand up.

Now your reporter doesn't claim to know what goes on inside of Fido's noggin but he is inclined to string along with those who hold to the belief that he does reason, in a limited way, and very definitely does understand the meaning of words. If we were sitting in judgment on this wrangle, we'd be inclined to toss out the testimony concerning the dog's being taught to lie down by giving him a contrariwise command. Shucks, a baby could be taught the same thing and, if it were kept from people and books, would grow up with the fixed idea that the words "lie down" were a command to stand up. As for ability to reason, anyone who has closely associated with a dog as a house pet—we're not speaking of kennel dogs—can give you a number of examples to prove that the intelligent animal surely does

do a bit of thinking now and then.

Let us inflict a few examples on you, with your permission. In the writer's living room there's a tall Chinese floor vase, one of that senseless kind with a barrel body and a bottle neck. But withal regarded by the lady of the house as being only less valuable than her right eye. Now, the two dogs that have the run of that living room every so often take it into their heads to play ball and their idea of the game is to make as much rumpus as possible, a modified kind of wrestling match to see which can get and keep the ball. Once in a while it will roll toward that vase. When it does the game is called pronto! and it's amusing to see the extreme care those purps take in retrieving their toy. They've never knocked over that vase, never seen it knocked over and yet, for some reason they seem to know that to upset it violently would be to break it. Had they ever seen a similar ornament broken, you might understand the care they employ, but they haven't. The wastebasket next to the desk they've overturned dozens of times and it commands no more of their respect than a cigar-store Indian.

The point is, how in Tophet do they know that it's okay to treat the wastebasket rough but the vase is something to go easy on? We'll add that they've never been chased or warned away from the vase.

Only the other day one of these same purps pulled something that still has us chuckling. It happened this way: Your reporter was asked by a nearby Lions Club to give a talk at one of their meetings—the subject to be dogs. (There's a gag here some place—an Elk talking to Lions about dogs.) Being married some twenty years, an invitation to talk without the prospect of being answered back proved tempting and we wrote a little speech for the occasion. Came a few days before time to deliver it, it occurred to us that it might be a good idea to "time" it to see how long it would take to deliver—and being wholly inexperienced in this business of speaking, thought it might be well to do a bit of rehearsing. It so happened that on that particular day we enjoyed the pleasure of having the house entirely to ourselves. Putting a clock on the table we dug out the manuscript of the talk and, with eyes on the clock, started to spout. Now, next to the table is a cedar chest on which one of our house pets, the male dog, usually sits to supervise the street while we do our scribbling. He had just bunched himself to spring on it when we went into our speech. At the first few words he checked himself and looked at us first with surprise, then with amazement. Plainly, he was saying, "The old man's going nuts. He's talking to himself." And then he slowly walked out of the room looking back at us over his shoulder. But we weren't going to be intimidated by a
(Continued on page 45)

"**B**ACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight. . . ."

The creaky buckboard's brake shoe squealed sharply as the vehicle, drawn by a jaded horse, pitched down the rough mountain road into a mist-shrouded canyon. From below swelled the muted thunder of hurrying waters, a sound not unlike an organ played softly.

"We just about made it in time," remarked the driver to his drowsy companion. "It'll be daylight in another half hour."

The buckboard serpented down the steep mountain, past close-ranged conifers that were giants when this country still was young, the roar of the hidden stream below rising and diminishing, finally swelling to a crescendo as the buckboard rounded the last turn and debouched into an alder flat. Past the alder flat rolled a boulder-studded stream, the likes of which few trout fishermen are privileged to see.

"You unharness and feed the horse," remarked the older of the two travelers, "and I'll get a fire started and breakfast coming along. Better joint up the rods, too," he added. "We haven't much time."

In a few minutes the horse was contentedly munching a bait of oats, and the pungent odor of wood smoke,

but in the riffles, slow eddies and in the lee of mossy boulders that broke the stream's headlong surge to the sea. Beautiful cutthroat trout—firm-fleshed and game to the core. They struck homemade bucktails and wet Royal Coachmen viciously and went into a frantic routine of aerial tumbling that frequently won them freedom from the clinging hook. Notwithstanding, trout after trout was bedded in fern-lined creels, and by the time the sun had penetrated the canyon's depths a halt was called

angler, who, in the cool dawn of the following day, couldn't remember where he'd hidden his treasure. It was a ritual to look for it.

"You look for the jug and I'll fish," replied the younger.

An hour later, both creels solidly packed with trout, the two companions slogged back upstream to the alder flat and tethered horse. As usual, the search for the jug had been fruitless.

Again the fire-blackened skillet came into use as several pink-meated

Rod AND Gun

By Ray Trullinger



frying bacon and boiling coffee was blending with the forest's early morning fragrance.

"Guess we'd better fish down through the canyon," again spoke the elder as he deftly mopped the last smear of egg yolk from a greasy tin plate. "There should be a lot of big ones in those deep pools down there."

There were. Not only in the pools,

beside the stream's largest pool.

"We got about enough," again spoke the elder of the two anglers, lighting his pipe. "Shall we look for the jug or see if we can catch a couple of real big fish out of this hole?"

Years before a two-gallon crock of liquor had been cached somewhere near the pool by a slightly tipsy

trout were browned in bacon grease and wolfed by the hungry pair. A siesta followed, and then came the slow, jolting ride homeward over the rough mountain road as the afternoon shadows lengthened and band-tail pigeons sounded their mournful call in the high firs.

Today those firm-fleshed trout are
(Continued on page 54)



The Elks National Defense Program

THE activities of the Defense Committees in the fourteen hundred subordinate lodges are so varied and original that it is impossible to report them adequately in the Elks National Defense Commission's brief announcement as published monthly in *The Elks Magazine*.

The newspaper clippings surrounding this report are but a few selected at random from thousands sent in by subordinate lodges. For example:

Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge voted a fund of \$2500 to maintain an aviation mechanics' training school which is now training 120 young men for the aviation industry.

Rumford, Maine, Lodge sponsored a meeting on skilled trades to discuss the Nation's need for trained welders, tin workers, aviation mechanics and steel workers.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, in conjunction with the Greeley and Eaton Rifle Clubs, has arranged for free training in the use of the rifle for all interested citizens.

In Los Angeles, Calif., the Lodge assisted in bringing about an agreement between civilian and army doctors on the requirements for physical examinations so that the men, after passing one test and giving up their jobs, will not be turned down by the other.

Conferences have been held with Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt and the Joint Army and Navy General Staff Committee relative to providing rest and recreational facilities to our armed forces by the lodges located in towns contiguous to our military training camps. A survey has been made by the Commission in regard to this matter with the end in view of determining what added assistance can be rendered.

It is planned to sponsor the exhibition of sound pictures taken in the camps and distributed in the localities where the homes of the trainees are situated.

The National Essay Contest is now in its final stages. Local awards have been given by hundreds of lodges; state associations have awarded state prizes and during the month of June the \$1000, \$500 and \$250 awards by the Elks National Defense Commission will be given to the three national winners with appropriate ceremonies.

As is obvious to every thinking American, our problems of national preparedness and defense change with kaleidoscopic speed from day to day, but with the foundations of our defense plans solidly laid during the current year; with an active committee effectively functioning in every lodge, your National Commission has no fear regarding the ability of this Order to play its part.

The present Exalted Rulers, who took office in April, have already indicated their enthusiastic cooperation by the appointment or reappointment of subordinate lodge defense committees. Much has yet to be done.

We look forward to our National Convention at Philadelphia, fully confident that out of its deliberation will come an increasingly effective program for the Elks' participation in our national defense during the coming year.

THE ELKS NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION

Local Elks Lodge Host to Draftees

Elks Americanism Chairman Would Ousted Red Teachers Give Pay

Elks Arrange Patriotic Exercises at Senior High



MARTIN DIES

DIES TALKS JAN. 1 AT COUNTY CENT

First Aid Class To Be Started By Elks Lodge

Senator Page Outlines Plan Elks' Organization May Play

Bank Elks to Open Club House to Soldiers

RED BANK—The ballroom, recreation hall, and the basement of the Bank Elks' Club, Broad street, will be opened next month as a recreation center for soldiers from Fort Monmouth and Fort Hancock. This was announced Saturday by the defense council of the river boroughs.

Final arrangements for occupancy were made by the committee the club trustees. The building is complete with stage, complete theatrical equipment and room is for equipment.

Renews Appeal Here For Display of Flags

Louis B. Bryan, chairman of the National Defense and Public Relations Committee of the Dubuque lodge of Elks, Saturday renewed the committee's appeal to Dubuque business firms to display American flags from the top or in front of their buildings.

Elks to Show More Films in Schools Here

Elks' Aid Drive For Soldiers' Fund

Elks Plan Recreational Center Here

Grand Lodge Will Help Local Lodge Entertained With Banquet, Program

WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

THE speeches of great leaders are never as good on paper as when we hear them delivered over the radio, and ordinarily we would not take time to read them again. But there are reasons why Winston Churchill's speeches have a special appeal to us today. They are not only the chief expression of the courageous battle against Hitler and all his crimes, but they show what sort of man Winston Churchill really is. As an orator he does not disseminate bombast; he talks turkey. You can't expect a country to follow one man's advice all the time, but it is true that if the British majority had listened to his warnings while Hitler was arming Germany, the world would not be in such tragic difficulties today. The speeches delivered from May, 1938, to February, 1941, assembled by his son, Randolph S. Churchill, M. P., in the book called "Blood, Sweat and Tears", begin with his opposition speech, as Member of Parliament, to the treaty giving Eire the ports that Britain now so sorely needs to combat the submarines. It also contains his repeated warnings that Germany was exceeding the British in planes. It has his speech on the Munich agreement, which he called a "total and unmitigated defeat" for Britain. The last speech in the book is the one that mentions President Roosevelt's letter about the Ship of State, ending with his appeal to the United States: "Give us tools and we will finish the job." (Putnam, \$3)

This is the forthright, determined, embattled Churchill. He is strong in opposition to weak policies, but he always works with the government the best he can. The Churchill of the speeches is also the Churchill of daily life, portrayed by Phyllis Moir in "I Was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary". (Wilfrid Funk, \$2). Miss Moir, now the head of a lecture bureau in New York City, was engaged by Mr. Churchill during his American tour of several years ago. Miss Moir found herself compelled to take dictation at all hours. The convenience of others did not matter to Mr. Churchill when he had an idea for a speech. He would dictate while changing clothes; he would yell for his secretary while



still in his tub, and, emerging with a towel about his middle, would go right on talking. He is a dynamo of energy who canter rather than walks. Miss Moir reveals that he makes large sums from the sales of his books and bought his country place with the royalties from "The War Crisis". He is very handy with his hands and can paint and lay brick, and he likes to have his whiskey and soda near at hand. The chatty revelations in Miss Moir's book do not detract from the character who now governs Britain; they make him more understandable. In neither book is the hero a weakling.

THIS business of keeping up with the new books is not as routine as it seems. Now and then the publishers create a diversion. The other day a publisher sent me a neat little cardboard box labelled: "Not for internal, external, commercial, industrial or home use". Inside were smaller boxes containing agar agar, ergot of rye, cascara sagrada bark and gum arabic. By this device I was made conscious of the ingredients the druggist used in the days before drug stores sold hair-pins and detective stories. The publisher is issuing "Corner Druggists", by Robert B. Nixon, Jr., who describes the experiences of his father as the indispensable man in the corner drug store in the days when the mortar was a utensil and not a symbol. Forty years in business, his father saw the drug store change. "All I have to say," said the elder Nixon, "is that a drug store looks more familiar to me with drugs on the shelves than with a lot of canned peas and waffle irons." The old drug store smelled of foenigreek; the modern drug store smells of coffee.

Mr. Nixon permits us to recall the American past by describing the old-fashioned druggist as he really was. This is no sentimental reminiscence. It is a social document. It reminds us that the druggist was expected to be

(Continued on page 56)

These are three current best-selling authors, from top to bottom they are, Winston Churchill, author of "Blood, Sweat and Tears", Eric Knight, who wrote "This Above All", and James R. Young head of INS Tokyo office and author of "Behind the Rising Sun".



With Richards on

By Kent Richards

WANT to go off the beaten path for a while? Want to go where you can see native dances that will send chills up your spine? Want to see aborigines wearing grotesque masks at religious ceremonies, hear them chant for rain, see painted medicine men in action? Want to go over back roads and trails that would have thrilled Halliburton and put a streak of grey in Osa Johnson's pretty hair? Well then, come on with us. We're headed for New Mexico, down there where the Indians run the show and every man's a chief.

The first problem is to get there. I know you don't live in New Mexico because nobody does except Governor Miles, some traders, and a slew of Indians, and a lot of loyal Elks. Everyone else is like you and me—just looking. There are a lot of ways to get to New Mexico. You can fly, or go by train, or velocipede, but we've got more time than money so we're going by automobile. Now, the most important thing to do at this stage of planning a trip is to

figure how to pay for it. This isn't the kill-joy it might seem, because everybody is always so optimistic in making advance budgets that it seems to cost practically nothing at all. The kick in the pants comes when you get about two-thirds through the trip and the bankroll has vanished. And it wasn't any boll weevil that done it either.

There are two popular ways to make a budget for an automobile trip. Neither of them is any good. The first method calls for estimates on a cost per day basis. You figure so much for gas and oil, so much for

Richards stalks the wily Aborigine with Buick, Chevrolet and greenback along the trackless wastes of the trail of the Santa Fe

meals and a place to sleep, multiply that by the number of days you are to be away and you get a figure guaranteed to be not more than one hundred percent wrong. The second method is to figure on a mileage basis. You live a thousand miles from New Mexico, so you set aside, say, six or eight cents a mile to cover all costs for the family there and back. Sounds O. K., doesn't it? Well, the desert is strewn with the bones of tourists who relied on that kind of figuring to carry them through.

There is only one absolutely reliable method of budgeting. This is known as the Richards How-much-have-ya-got Plan and was developed by me after many a bad attack of spotted or empty-billfold fever out on the Western prairie. Under my plan you stuff all the cash you have in your pockets and start out. When it is almost gone you send an urgent telegram to the office asking for more. Repeat the prescription as required. Those who have no office, or kindly relatives, had probably better stay at home.

Under my plan a family of three traveling in a little Buick, and stopping at not-cheap not-expensive restaurants and tourist cabins spend about as follows on a five-hundred-mile day:

Meals and Tips	\$ 6.00
Gas and Oil	7.30
Rooms	5.00
Miscellaneous	1.50
	<hr/>
	\$19.80

a National Park at \$2.00, of an Indian village at \$1.50, a church at 25c a person, and an Indian ruin at 50c a person. Pottery and baskets can run anywhere from \$1.00 to \$10.00 or \$25.00, Navajo rugs from \$3.00 to \$100.00. These are of high quality and so is the fascinating silver jewelry which the Indians have learned to make. If you must have a budget, you better put some of these items into it unless you have some effective system of controlling womenfolk. Don't bother looking; you haven't.

Before you start out on the trail of the Santa Fe there are a few things you want to be sure of. The most important is the people you take with you. Some should be avoided like poison. One of these is the I've-seen-it-all-before, or, we-have-it-bigger-and-better-at-home pest. This type of male will point out an Indian chief and grunt that he has seen better ones in the circus. Or he'll look over the ruin of an ancient cliff dwelling and remark with high disdain that it's not near as good as the ones in the travelogues. Check him off your list.

Illustrated by WM. STEIG

These are the baskets, pottery, etc., which womenfolk collect with an unbounded and utterly unreasonable passion.



Safari

Call it \$20.00. But that's for straight traveling. Those are not real expenses, the kind that puts wings on the bank notes. These are the fees for entering national parks, the cost of accommodations when the minimum rate is not available, the baskets and pottery and souvenirs which womenfolk collect with an unbounded and utterly unreasonable passion, and the cost of cocktails and the few days spent at really good hotels in moments of splurging, the films, the bribes to Indians, and God knows what all. You can figure an average cost of entering

Another type that should be quietly eliminated is the pidgin-English specialist. This is the dope who insists on addressing the Indians in a private language made up of wholly unintelligible belly noises like, "You gottum wampum?" or "How muchum costum beadum?" Even though the Indian may reply in faultless and slightly Harvardized English, this person continues brightly triple-tonguing his ughs. Better leave him locked in the cellar with the squealing female who directs the driver from the rear seat. The liquidation of the latter has, of course, been

a national objective for years but since it seems somewhat slow in realization, the best that can be done meanwhile is to string them up by the hair for the duration of the trip.

Another type to leave behind is the wisecrack artist. This is not a sex characteristic but a matter of temperament, and it crops up in the oddest people. It is all right the first day out, when the senses are a little numbed from the effort of packing and of trying to get ten bags into a luggage compartment that holds three. But after the first day when you begin to settle down and enjoy yourself the wisecracker becomes a conscious annoyance that increases with each passing mile. Every time you go into a gas station he shouts, "Fill her up with two gallons." Every male Indian he addresses as Hiawatha and every female as Pocahontas. Anything on a horse is the Lone Ranger. He can't see a dog without some allusion to Rin-Tin-Tin or cracking some chestnut like, "Looks like the sheriff's pack of hounds caught up with us at last. Haw-Haw-Haw." The antidote is cyanide.

With the right people along you can start out with confidence, but before you do, it would be well to give a little thought to those two most important factors on a trip, sleeping and eating. If you miss on these two you might as well stay at home, you won't be happy traveling. Here are a couple of tips. First join the auto club, the American Automobile Association, and get their hotel and auto court directory and their tour books which describe every city and hamlet on a highway in the United States. The cost is only \$10.00 for a year and not

only includes all the literature and maps you can use, but certain emergency towing and repair service as well. The AAA where-to-sleep books cover hotel and tourist camps of all descriptions, usually, but not invariably, the best available in each place. They are reissued every year.

An absolutely indispensable book to have along is Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Eating". This handy compendium lists places serving good food almost everywhere in the country, and many a seasoned traveler won't stop at an eatery that doesn't have the Hines O. K. Believe me, when you roll into a strange city after a few hundred

wake up. The easiest way to take long jumps is to break them up with stops once in a while even if just for a couple of minutes to stretch the legs.

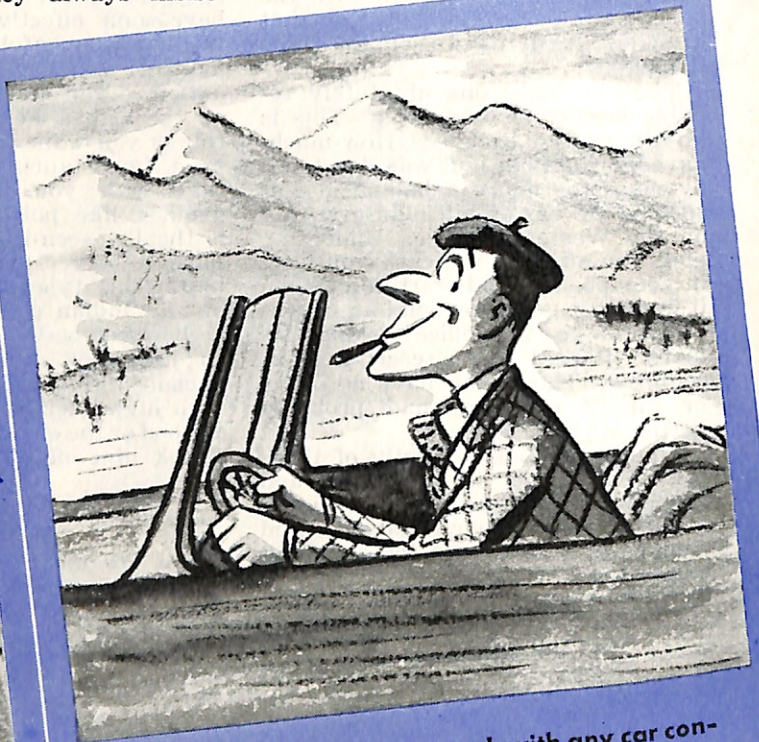
Sometimes you stop oftener than you want to. This is one of the greatest annoyances of long distance driving. Unfortunately, but understandably, there are some people who react the same way to a filling station that a dog does to a telephone pole—they just can't bear to go by without stopping. What I as an automobile driver detest in these babies is that they always insist

ruined day. Of course, twenty miles back when you filled up with gas Somebody was as snug as a bug in a rug, apparently set for the day. But these are the fortunes of motor-ing.

You are not alone while on the trail of the Santa Fe. As a matter of fact, there is enough traffic on main highways like Route 66 to make you think there are a lot of people going the same place you are and a lot of people coming back.



This is the wisecracker. Wisecracking is not a sex characteristic, but a matter of temperament.



This fellow plays hide and seek with any car containing a pretty girl. Avoid him like a plague.

miles on the road, tired and with a mouth watering for a good meal, it's no fun to drive aimlessly around in traffic while the womenfolk try to make up their minds about which restaurant looks good from the outside. It wouldn't be fun even if you could tell from the outside, which you can't. But it is a cinch when you can pick up a book you know is reliable, read a description of the type of food served in several places of varying cost, and then drive right up to the one you choose. Better get "Adventures in Good Eating".

Some people have a theory that you should eat frequently on a long motor trip, say four or five times a day. Don't believe a word of it. Eat lightly, with plenty of fruit, making the big meal of dinner after the day's driving is over. Never drive at night after a heavy meal when you are tired. It's a swell way to go to sleep at the wheel and never

that you drive in the gas station and buy something as a camouflage for their requirements. Now I am a methodical driver. I like to start out in the morning with a tummy full of breakfast, a tank full of gas, and really drive till about eleven o'clock, and then pull up for some gas and a coke and whatnot for them that needs it. That is my dream morning. But it seldom happens that way. Twenty miles after you start out somebody—that Somebody—is sure to holler, "Oh, George, will you pull up at the first clean gas station and get some gas for a minute, please?" The "please" is most plaintive and conveys a world of meaning.

Now, after twenty miles you can't buy gas. The tank wouldn't hold more than a gallon. So you pull up and ask the attendant to check the oil while Somebody sniffs out the ladies' room and then you buy a quart of oil you don't need and the motor smokes for the rest of your

The flora and fauna of the highway—that is, the drivers and their jalopies—are worthy of note by any serious explorer. Out on the western roads, aside from the natives, there are four principal varieties of drivers, and if you include me there are five.

Most noticeable of these is the No. 1 or Trailer Type. Thank heaven this species is rapidly dying out. Not only do they create a sense of unrest, or social itch, throughout the country—people really live in the damn' things—but they completely block all vision on highways. Get behind a four-story trailer on a hilly or curving road, and zoom along at thirty miles a week or two for half an hour some day and you will pray with me for the early extinction of this dodo.

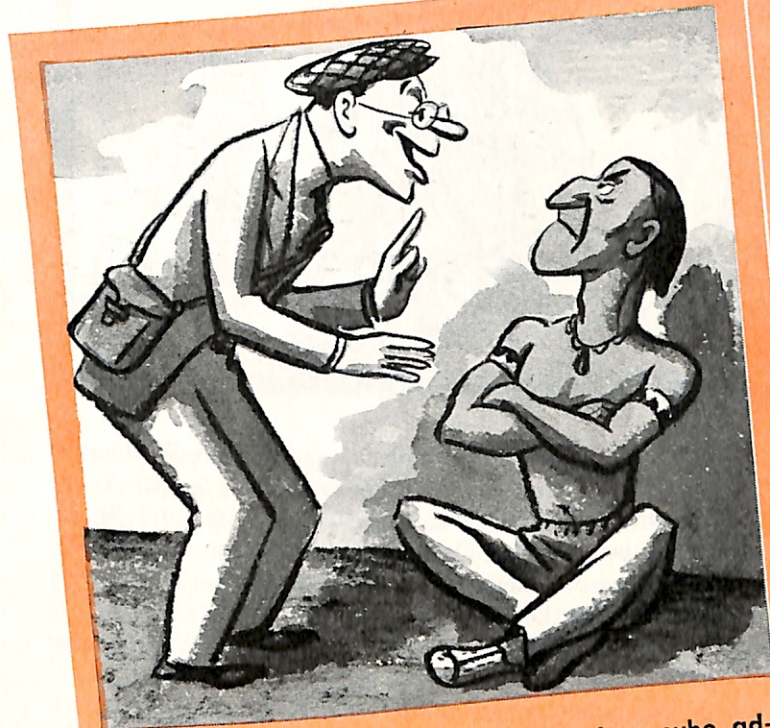
No. 2 is the Drive-all-night-and-get-there-variety. These babies push along at about seventy hour after hour, eyes glued to the road, tense and alert, and wouldn't look right or left to see Coronado discover Gypsy Rose Lee. They don't stop

for anybody or even Somebody. These lads are in the New York-to-Hollywood-in-four-days class. All you have to do is keep out of their way. If you don't bother them they won't bother you.

The No. 3 or Ma-and-Pa variety are the direct opposites of No. 2. These are the home folks out for a tour. Many of them, I suspect, are

those happy people of the insurance ads who have retired on a guaranteed income for life. They are never in a hurry. They cover from two hundred to two-fifty miles a day and stop and look at everything. They pump along through the great open spaces at thirty-five and some-

help a stalled motorist. He is a cross between Casanova, d'Artagnan, and Barney Oldfield, which is all right, I suppose, but it does make it a little difficult for the steady, heady, daring-tempered-by-caution style of



This is the pidgin-English talker, the dope who addresses Indians in a language made up of belly noises.



This is the "I've-seen-it-all-before" type. He will claim to have seen far, far better Indians in the circus.

times much less in a sort of serene confidence and enjoyment that annoys almost everyone else. They start at six in the morning, the best time of the day to drive; they stop at four in the afternoon and so get the pick of the accommodations for the night. They have a swell time.

The No. 4 or Swisher is sometimes confused with No. 2 by the inexperienced analyst. Actually they are as wide apart as the poles. No. 2 goes straight ahead come hell or high water, and he goes just as fast as he possibly can. No. 4 goes to beat the devil whenever he thinks there is anyone looking at him. He never passes a car but what he steps on it for all he's worth, trying to make the other guy look like he is standing still. He plays hide-and-seek with any car containing a pretty girl, swishing back and forth across the highway, ready to loop the loop at the slightest sign of encouragement. He is a real menace on the highway but, strangely enough, Type 4 can usually be counted on to stop and

driving characterized by Type 5, which is me.

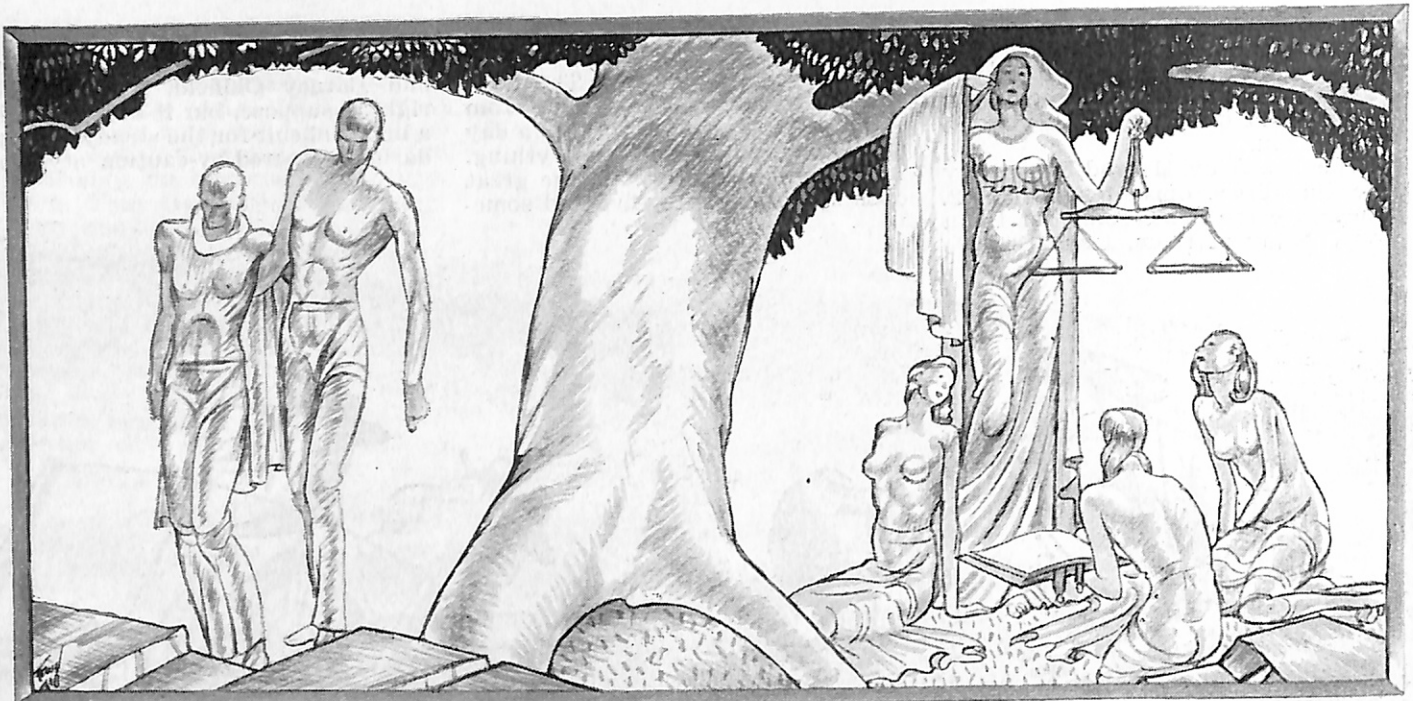
So now, with the preliminaries out of the way, let's take a look at New Mexico.

There is plenty to see in New Mexico. It's a brand new kind of world there which has just as much lure for those who know it as any cathedral that was ever built in Europe. The main centers of interest are Santa Fe and Gallup. Santa Fe, the capital, is just sixty miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico's largest city. Albuquerque is modern and, though unusually attractive, is much like other cities. Architecturally, Santa Fe is Old World, with narrow streets and adobe houses, and natives imbued with a lazy, timeless grace, which make it one of the most charming cities in the world. Gallup is as homely as sin, but just a mile from town is the incomparable Hotel El Rancho which is just what it should be, a sprawling, informal, splendidly appointed ranch house, as comfortable as Park Avenue and as friendly as the West. Gallup, which means the El Rancho, is the center of much of the exploratory Indian Country and, possibly more important, in mid-August it is the scene of the great Intertribal Indian Ceremonial Dances, the like of which can be seen nowhere.

(Continued on page 52)



Costume dress is practically mandatory. The women dress like Navajos and the men use whatever is left over.



Drawing by Clark Fay

Editorial

On Our Watch Tower

AMERICA is experiencing unrest and uncertainty. Under existing conditions, it could not be otherwise. The people are anxious to know the facts about affairs at home and abroad, but full disclosures would not be compatible with the best interests of our country. We therefore must be content with such information as is given out by those we have placed in high positions of trust and responsibility. They must be trusted to keep us informed as to all matters which, in their judgment, are safe and best for us to know. In these days of rapid communication, what is known here is speedily known to those whose interests are, for the time being, antagonistic to our own.

One of our very important agencies of defense is the F. B. I., and some are distressed that its activities are not made an open book so that all may know just what it is accomplishing. It may be said with assurance that it is active and efficient. In fact, it may be confidently asserted that it is the most efficient organization of the kind in the world. This statement is our considered judgment based on a personal inspection of similar agencies in European countries made several years ago. The efficiency of these agencies has materially increased since our inspection, but the F. B. I. organization has also increased in size to two thousand, five hundred special agents, and its methods of operation have been vastly improved. Its personnel will be increased as the situation demands. It has outstripped all others in building an effective agency and can be trusted to provide our country with the best protection against Fifth Column saboteurs.

This work is being vigorously pressed every day and it is having its effect. It is being carried on by trained men under highly efficient direction and leadership. They are schooled

in the National Police Academy conducted in Washington by the F. B. I. and are not commissioned as Special Agents until they are thoroughly trained. They are carefully examined before being admitted to the Academy, so that only young men of character are graduated—men in whom every confidence can be placed.

In speaking before a recent graduating class, Director J. Edgar Hoover said:

"As a nation, we are now witnessing a crucial period which will determine the future of our civilization. Assailed by encircling forces of Totalitarianism, American Democracy is the world's last great bulwark of liberty and freedom.

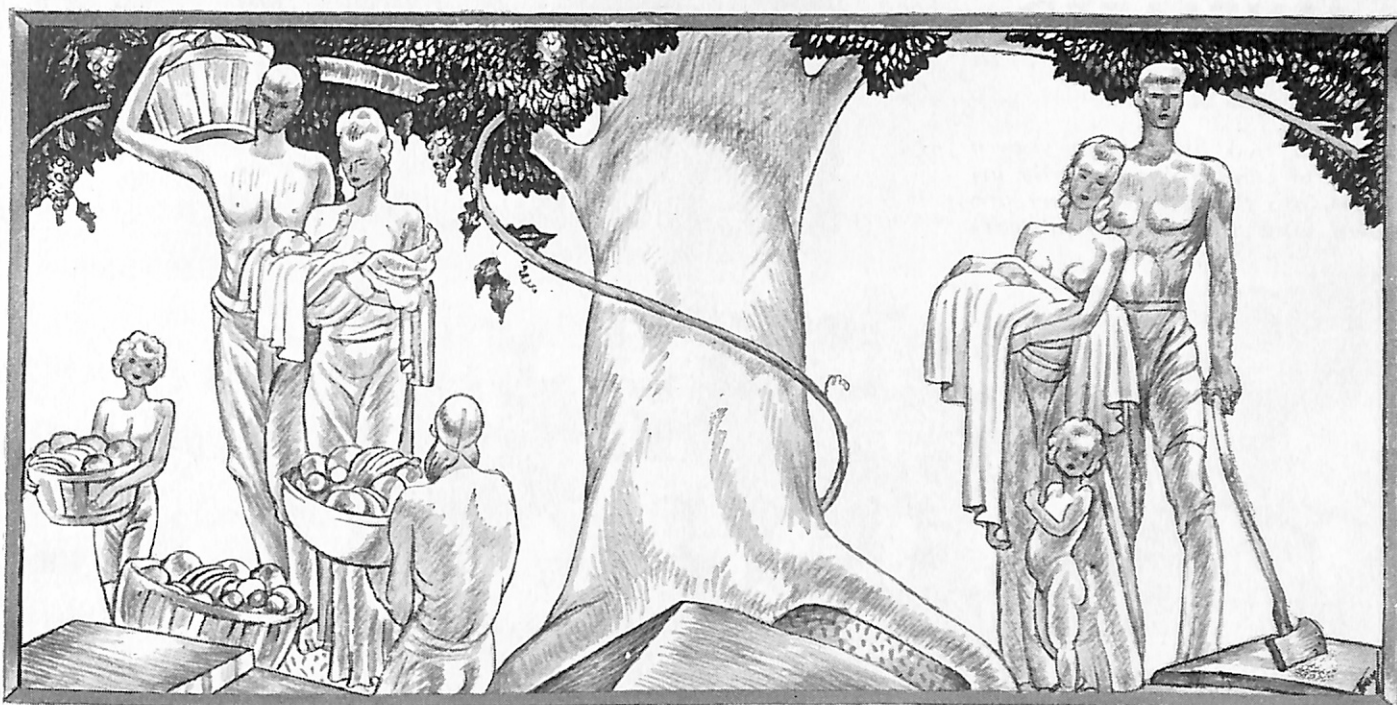
"The armed forces of the Nation can be relied upon to defend any attack upon American Democracy, but the law enforcement bodies of the land form the first line of defense against any attack that might be launched from within.

"A nation faces a desperate moment when its men and guns are called into action. It is in the period before this time, while the enemy is making every possible inroad upon our moral defenses, that the true battle takes place. That battle is now in progress in America.

"With hypocritical organizations bearing high-sounding names to appeal to every human want or frustration, with silver-tongued prattlers of class hatreds, with leaflets of poisonous propaganda, renegade espousers of Totalitarianism seek to destroy the unity of our people. To meet this threat requires the best of law enforcement. When the history of this era is written, the record will clearly show that never before were the peace officers of America better prepared."

This An Important Year

THE various lodges have selected and installed their officers for the ensuing year and it is now up to them to outline their work and the work of their lodges for one of the most important years in the history of our Order. There is much to be done and while a year seems like a long time, it in fact is a short time to accomplish all that must be accomplished if progress is to be made which will continue



the Order on the upgrade toward its ultimate destiny.

Perhaps every Exalted Ruler has said on accepting the office that he can accomplish but little without the enthusiastic and loyal support of his associate officers and of the whole membership of his lodge. No truer words could have been spoken. Only in a qualified sense can it be said that a General ever won a battle. He can plan, but in the final analysis the soldiers under him actually are responsible for the victory or for the defeat. However, a General may very well lose a battle if he plans it erroneously or fails properly to direct his troops. So it is in a lodge. The Exalted Ruler must plan and direct. If he plans wisely and directs effectively, he has discharged his duty and the result is in the hands of the members.

It is not easy successfully to plan the activities of a lodge and direct the membership in their execution. It requires time and much thought, but Exalted Rulers have been elected for their qualifications and they are expected to do the job well. A part of their duty is to attend the next session of the Grand Lodge, and this experience will prove profitable. There they will learn much of the Order and gain inspiration and enthusiasm for the task which lies ahead. They will also derive benefit, as well as pleasure, from forming the acquaintance of those who as Exalted Rulers will serve with them during the year. If this opportunity is allowed to pass unobserved, there will be a distinct loss to them and to their lodges.

Americanism

A FULL page in display is devoted by the *Dallas Journal* to a definition of Americanism, written by the Honorable William H. Atwell, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, and now Judge of the United States District Court in Dallas. Characteristically the Judge stars the "Ican" in Americanism. He has a penchant for selecting a word, and, in this case, part of a word and giving it special significance. He concludes his definition, as follows:

"Our Government has only such rights as we give it. What it would seek to take from us, is denied to it by our Bill of Rights.

"Liberty lovers came to America originally. They still come. They knew then, and we know now, that boundary lines do not make our Nation. They knew then and we know now that neither guns nor ships, no, not even the flag that floats, make the nation.

"They knew then and we know now, that the great common heart that beats in all of us is the sire of what is included in the word, 'AmerICANism.'

"Free in speech, in movement, in religion, free to read papers that are uncontrolled, uncensored, and unafraid; free to do whatever one wishes to do, provided it does not impinge upon another's rights."

Flag Day

THE fourteenth of this month is Flag Day, and the Grand Lodge statutes make it the duty of every subordinate lodge to celebrate the day with appropriate exercises. In the Ritual of Special Services will be found a program for its observance, and it is suggested that it be followed, at least in part and insofar as it is practical of exemplification by each subordinate lodge.

This day has been celebrated for many years by the Order, and there are special reasons why it should be observed this year with more than the accustomed zeal and enthusiasm. When we consider what it stands for as representing American ideals and what these ideals mean to us in this war-torn world, there is every reason why our observance should be marked by patriotic fervor.

The flag is merely a token, a symbol. We adore it; in fact, we worship it as representing that for which it stands—America, free and independent; America, our way of life; America, as distinguished from all other countries; America, our own beloved country; America, our native land, or the land of our adoption.

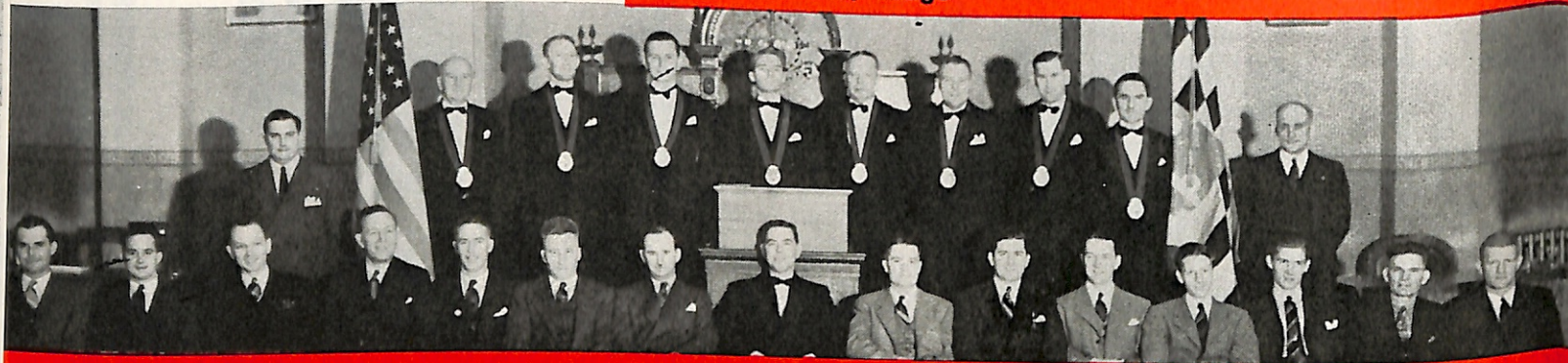
We have special reason to be proud of the active part our Order took in setting aside a day given over to revering the Stars and Stripes, a day of patriotic devotion to all that we Americans hold dear and near.

RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

*On these two pages are shown
classes of candidates recently in-
itiated into the Order. Many are
shown with their lodge officers*



St. Louis, Mo., Lodge



Cumberland, Md., Lodge



Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge



Superior, Wis., Lodge





Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge



Colombia, Mo., Lodge



Winslow, Ariz., Lodge



Tulsa, Okla., Lodge

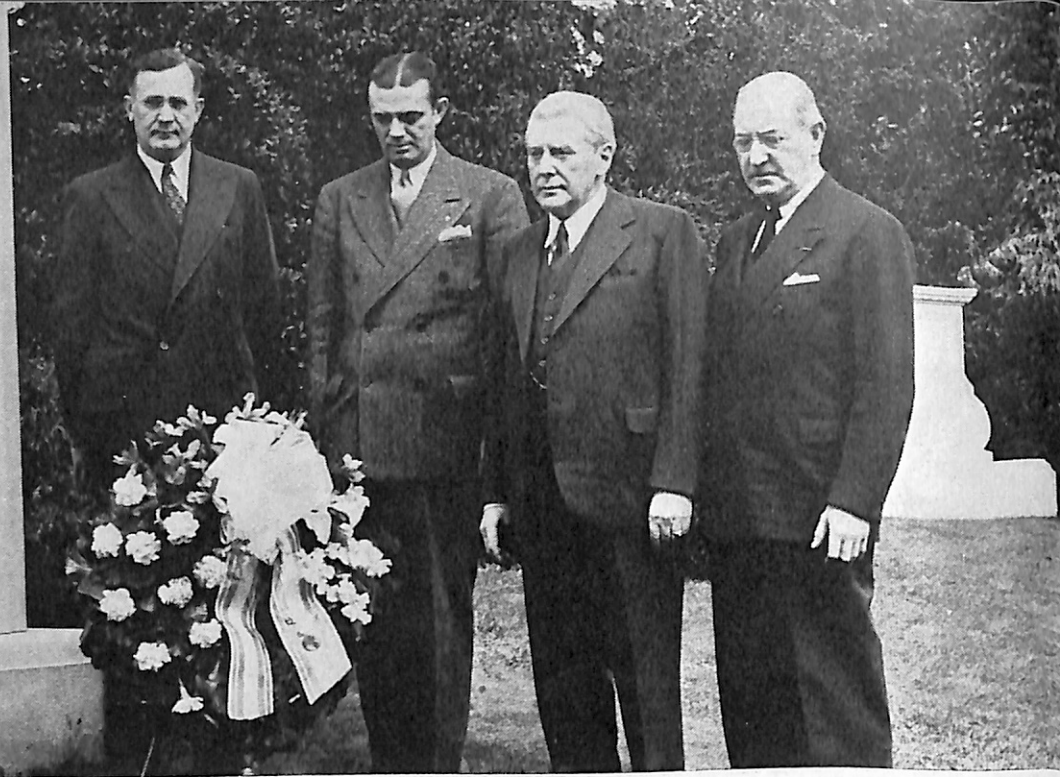


Athens, Ohio, Lodge



Laconia, N. H., Lodge

ERECTED BY THE
GRAND LODGE
OF THE
BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE
ORDER OF ELKS
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN MEMORY OF
WALTER P. ANDREWS
GRAND EXALTED RULER
1929 — 1930



Above, left to right, are John S. McClland, Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge; E.R. George B. Yancey, of Atlanta, Ga. Lodge; the Grand Exalted Ruler, and William H. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, photographed when Mr. Buch placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

DURING the month of March, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch visited lodges in Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and the Panama Canal Zone. En route to the southern States, Mr. Buch, William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and his nephew, Richard Cavanaugh, stopped at Coatesville, Pa., where they were met by Secy. Harry V. Atkinson and other members of Coatesville Lodge No. 1228. The lodge has a comfortable home and the visit was very much enjoyed. Mr. Buch's next visitation, at Hagerstown, Md., was reported in our May issue and mention was made of his stops at Martinsburg, W. Va., and Winchester and Harrisonburg, Va. E.R. T. A. Titus and Secy. King Larkin of Martinsburg Lodge No. 778, E.R. Lawrence H. Hoover and Secy. J. Robert Switzer of Harrisonburg Lodge No. 450, E.R. James G. Nevitt and Secy. Edwin T.

Snider of Winchester Lodge No. 867, and many members of the three lodges acted as reception committees at their respective lodge homes, at each of which the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were cordially welcomed and entertained. Mr. Buch found it particularly gratifying to meet with the officers and members of the lodges inasmuch as each one of them is cooperating with the National Defense Commission and is, as well, interested in community activities; also, each lodge announced that an increase in membership would be reported for the year. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party spent the night of March 6 at the Elks National Home at Bedford where, as usual, Superintendent Robert Scott, Mrs. Scott

and all in charge did everything possible for the comfort of the visitors. En route, the travelers visited the Natural Bridge of Virginia, one of the natural wonders of the modern world.

About five miles from Durham, N. C., the party was met by E.R. Judge A. H. Borland, Secy. A. R. Thompson, P.E.R. George W. Munford, a former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Clyde E. Glenn, Pres. of the N. C. State Elks Assn., all of Durham Lodge No. 568, the two North Carolina District Deputies, R. D. Parrott, Goldsboro, and P. C. Smith, High Point, and a delegation of Durham Elks, and escorted to the Washington Duke Hotel where a luncheon was given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. Present were many leading representatives of the tobacco industry, public officials, the above mentioned Elks and several Past Exalted Rulers. After the luncheon, visits were made to the plants of the American Tobacco Company and the Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco Company and also to Duke University after which the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit to Durham Lodge of Elks and then returned to the hotel for a banquet which was held at 6 p.m. Dante J. Germino was chairman of the committee in charge and everything was perfectly planned. Governor J. M. Broughton, who was unable to attend due to the fact that Legislature was in session, extended his felicitations through a representative. The banquet was well attended not only by local members, their wives and friends, but by many from neighboring lodges. The Grand Exalted Ruler's talk was broadcasted over Station WDNC. An inter-



Left are Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and Col. Wm. H. Kelly, photographed with members of Winchester, Va., Lodge.



Above: Mr. Buch, Col. Kelly and prominent Florida Elks are shown with 36 candidates who were initiated into Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge recently.

Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly are pictured with local Elks on the occasion of Mr. Buch's visit to Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge.



esting gift was presented to Mr. Buch during the evening, a box containing cigarettes, smoking tobacco, linens and other articles, all made in Durham.

On Saturday, March 8, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met on the outskirts of Greenville, S. C., by Mayor Fred McCullough and E.R. Dr. Thomas G. Sharpe of Greenville Lodge No. 858, D.D. Sidney F. Hilton of Florence, S. C., Lodge, No. 1020, and delegations from both of those lodges and also Hendersonville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1616, and escorted to the home of the local lodge where they were guests at a reception before being taken to the Hotel Barringer. There a dinner and a meeting, at which a large class was initiated in Mr. Buch's honor, were held. The Mayor, the Exalted Ruler and William Elliott, Jr., of Columbia Lodge, Past Pres. of the S. C. State Elks Assn., extended greetings and

felicitations at the meeting which was largely attended. The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler and members of his party attended church services in Greenville, leaving immediately thereafter for Atlanta, Ga., where they were met by P.E.R. John S. McClelland, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, E.R. George B. Yancey and other members of Atlanta Lodge No. 78, and D.D. Roderick M. McDuffie of East Point Lodge No. 1617. After an informal dinner party, Mr. McDuffie and a delegation of East Point Elks escorted

the distinguished visitors to their lodge for a reception tendered by E.R. C. McNeill Leach and Secy. Frank E. Cooper. Mayor E. Glen Laney extended an official welcome. The visit was very pleasant and a little different as many of the members brought their children as well as their wives. Upon his return to Atlanta, the Grand Exalted Ruler participated in the program prepared in anticipation of his visit. Mr. Buch's Atlanta activities were described in our last month's issue. Be-

(Continued on page 46)

Below: Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch and prominent Elk officials are photographed at the burial place of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen at Birmingham, Ala.





Above is pictured the float which Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge entered in a recent civic parade, celebrating the 50th anniversary of Stanford University.

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order

Long Island Star-Journal

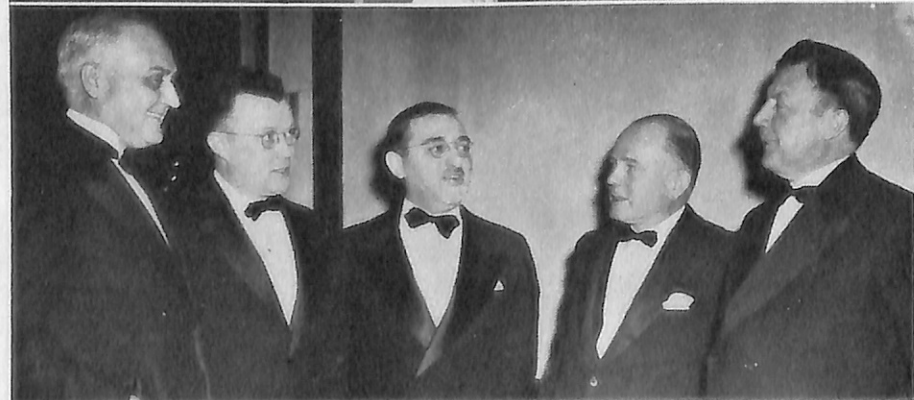


Toledo, O., Elks Demonstrate Good Citizenship in Laudable Activity

The first graduating exercises held by the Americanization School sponsored by Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, took place on April 17. P.E.R. Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was the principal speaker. City officials, members of the Board of Education, W.P.A. authorities, representatives of the County Commissioners and several American Legion units were in attendance. Twenty-five graduates received diplomas certifying completion of a course in American citizenship. Twice weekly for three months instruction was given in the Indiana School under the auspices of the Elks with the cooperation of the Board of Education. The purpose of the course was to help aliens intending to apply for American citizenship to become acquainted with the English language and the governmental form of the United States, stress being laid on the work which would prepare them for their naturalization examinations. The success of the undertaking was so marked that other classes were planned for future students.

Presentation of the diplomas was made by P.E.R. Edward L. Straub under whose direction the program was

Above, left, are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Brig. General A. E. Anderson, E.R. James Walsh and James A. Roe, when the members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge honored General Anderson at a reception recently.



Left: Photographed at a recent meeting of New Rochelle, N. Y. Lodge, are, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, D.D. Michael J. Gilday, Israel Streger, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart and E.R. Charles H. Lane.

Right are members of the bowling team of Casper, Wyo., Lodge.

Below, right, is a photograph taken when the \$11,000 mortgage on the home of Albany, Ore., Lodge was burned.

launched. Attorney Joseph O. Eppstein, co-chairman of the lodge's Americanism Committee, presided. Chairman John C. Cochrane, P.E.R., was also a speaker. Music was furnished by a band and singers from Vernon McCune Post, American Legion.

All expenses of operating the school were paid by the Elks. The Committee now has available teachers who give instruction in English without cost either to the alien or the lodge. The activity is comparatively inexpensive but highly constructive, a type of endeavor which has won praise from the community and gratitude from those benefited. The students ranged in age from 30 to 67 years. The lodge also conducted a prize essay contest among high school students, the subject for which was "What Uncle Sam Means to Me".

Petoskey, Mich., Lodge Celebrates The Burning of Its \$15,000 Mortgage

Less than two years ago the membership of Petoskey, Mich., Lodge, No. 629, voted to do a "little modernizing" on the lodge home. Since that time, \$20,000 has been spent for improvements, \$15,000 of that sum having been obtained by the placing of a mortgage on the building.

On April 1 the officers and trustees staged a mortgage-burning celebration, as the indebtedness at that date had been paid off in full. An orchestra was on hand during the afternoon and evening and special talent from Detroit furnished entertainment. A dinner, attended by 350 members, preceded the meeting. The celebration was strictly for members of the Order and everything was "on the lodge". The addition to the building houses a modern lounge and kitchen and the home has been remodeled to some extent and redecorated throughout.

Right is a picture showing the presentation of a check from the members of Sayre, Pa., Lodge for the establishment of a "Blood Bank" at the Robert Packer Hospital.

Below is a photograph taken during the Charity Ball held by Middletown, N. Y., Lodge not long ago.



Newark, O., Lodge Engages In Diversified Activities

Following a custom of several years' standing, the retiring Exalted Ruler of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, selects an outstanding member as honor guest for his "end of the year" or farewell party. James R. Cooper, a member for 30 years, lodge secretary since 1922 and one of Ohio's most distinguished Elks, was chosen this year and on March 27 two hundred and fifty Newark Elks

with their ladies gathered in the lodge home to pay him homage and to enjoy the fine program arranged by E.R. Fred P. Baker, about to retire from office.

A turkey dinner was served at 7 p.m., followed by a short speaking program, a floor show and dancing. Charles J. Schmidt of Tiffin Lodge, 1st Vice-Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn. and a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was the principal speaker. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Schmidt are Past State Presidents. State Secy. Harry D.





Left is the Ritualistic Team of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, winner of the District Deputy Trophy of the Southeastern District of New York.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Annual Convention Dates for 1941

Association	City	Date
South Dakota	Rapid City	June 1-2
North Dakota	Grand Forks	June 1-2-3
Nebraska	Norfolk	June 1-2-3
Idaho	Lewiston	June 5-6-7
New York	Albany	June 6-7
Utah	Eureka	June 6-7
Iowa	Des Moines	June 7-8-9-10
New Jersey	Elizabeth	June 8
Massachusetts	Swampscott	June 14-15
Indiana	Bloomington	June 14-15-16-17-18
Michigan	St. Joseph	June 19-20-21-22
Montana	Helena	July 24-25-26
Md., Del. and D. C.	Salisbury	Aug. 3-4-5-6
Virginia	Harrisonburg	Aug. 17-18-19
North Carolina	Asheville	Aug. 24-25-26
Ohio	Cedar Point	Aug. 24-25-26-27-28
California	Long Beach	Sept. 18-19-20
Pennsylvania	Pottsville	Aug. 24 to 30

Hale was honored at last year's end of the year party and Past Pres. Charles L. Haslop the year before.

Newark Lodge entertained the student bodies of the Glenford, Newark Public and Newark St. Francis high schools on March 28. The basketball teams of the three high schools closed the season with enviable records. The lodge's Glee Club, organized about a year ago, primarily for use at Elks' memorial services, initiations and other special events, has been in constant demand for participation in community functions and has appeared before many neighboring lodges. The Club gave a concert at Zanesville Lodge No. 114 on the night the new officers were installed. Sam Gelfer, teacher of violin at the Denison University Conservatory, is the director of the Club and also of the

Newark Elks Band. Exalted Ruler Basil A. Guander is a member of the Glee Club, and Esteemed Leading Knight William F. Winters is Chairman.

Class Initiations Add Sixty to Rolls of Cumberland, Md., Lodge

As holder of the championship for Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, the ritualistic team of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, will compete in the national contest during the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., next month. Frequent initiations have served as valuable dress rehearsals for the officers who make up the personnel of the team.

The last of the four classes initiated during the term, the "Joseph G. Buch Class", numbered twenty members, the total being sixty for the period. Cumberland Lodge maintains a consistently high standard through selective membership.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge Initiates A Class of Forty Candidates

Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, initiated 40 candidates as members of the "Joseph G. Buch Class" shortly before E.R. J. Lee Benson concluded his term of office. Mr. Benson presided.

D.D. A. Guy Miller, Past Pres. of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn., Past Pres. Frank Hladky and P.D.D. A. C. Braun, all of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, attended. State Pres. C. Ray Hare, P.E.R. of No. 817, was present. The class was the largest initiated by Salisbury Lodge since its institution in 1904. The Tri-State Convention will be held at Salisbury on August 3-4-5-6. The local lodge is planning to make the meeting one of the most successful ever held by the Association.

Below are members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, photographed as the mortgage on the Lodge home was burned.

At bottom is a picture taken on "All State Night", an annual affair held by Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge.



National Ritualistic Contest—

Amendment to Rule 1

Rule 1 of the Rules and Regulations governing the 1941 National Ritualistic Contest to be held at the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., July 13-17, now reads:

"1. The competing teams shall be composed of the regular Subordinate Lodge Officers for the term ending immediately preceding the next Grand Lodge Reunion. Teams will be marked on the work of the Exalted Ruler, Esteemed Leading Knight, Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Esquire, Chaplain and Inner Guard. Only in case of emergency may a past officer of the Lodge be substituted for one of the seven competing officers, and then subject to the following penalties to be charged against the team: Penalty for substitution of Exalted Ruler, 3 percent; Leading Knight, 2 percent; Loyal Knight, 1.5 percent; Lecturing Knight, 1.5 percent; Esquire, 2 percent; Chaplain, 0 percent; Inner Guard, 0 percent.

"The Committee shall determine the validity and necessity of any substitution and its decision shall be final."

To meet the conditions growing out of National Preparedness and its possible interference with the coming National Ritualistic Contest, the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee has adopted the following amendment:

"Rule 1 is amended by inserting therein next before the last sentence thereof the following:

"But a vacancy on a competing team caused by the enforced absence of a regular member thereof by reason of his enrollment in the military, naval, hospital or marine service of the United States, may be filled by the appointment of a past officer of the Lodge and no penalty shall be assessed therefor; and this emergency provision shall in no wise affect or modify State contests already held."

Mortgage-Burning Ceremonies Are Held by Newton, Kansas, Lodge

Members of Newton, Kans., Lodge, No. 706, witnessed the burning of their mortgage by the three remaining charter members, A. E. McKee, William R. Murphy and John B. Dickey. Many visiting Elks were present, some of whom came from neighboring States. Trustee Fred M. Puttroff presided as Toastmaster at the banquet which was prepared and served by the Elks' ladies.

Attorney Roy Davis, of Hutchinson, was the principal speaker. E.R. Dr. Karl F. Kurz made the welcoming address to which D.D. George Wallerius, of Salina Lodge, responded.



At top: A dinner given by Elks of La Junta, Colo., for the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by that Lodge.

Above: Officers of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., at Berwick, Pa., when they visited that Lodge.

Below: E.R. J. H. Rosenthal of Las Vegas, N. Mex., Lodge, presents the Elks Basketball Trophy to the Championship Las Vegas High School Team.

At bottom are those Elks of over 25 years' standing as members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, who attended a meeting on Past Exalted Rulers' Night.



At right is a group of members who participated in Logansport, Ind., Lodge's annual "Pennsylvania Railroad Night."

Port Chester, N.Y., Elks Honor Their Chaplain, W. A. Lockhart

State and county officials who belong to Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, joined their fellow members not long ago in honoring P.E.R. William A. Lockhart, Chaplain of the lodge for 22 years, at a testimonial dinner at the lodge home. More than 100 attended. D.D. Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle Lodge, spoke in praise of Mr. Lockhart's long and conscientious service. Supervisor Benjamin I. Taylor, P.E.R. of No. 863, was Toastmaster. Other speakers were E.R. Harry A. Leigh and Benjamin Shea, Port Chester, P.D.D.'s James Dempsey, Jr., Peekskill, and John P. Doyle, Mount Kisco, N. Y. State Vice-Pres. John J. Hayden of Beacon, and the Rev. Joseph Jones, Chaplain of Mount Kisco Lodge.

Mr. Lockhart was presented by P.E.R. Harry A. Sattler with an upholstered stool and foot rest and by Mr. Leigh with an engraved scroll signed by all the members of the lodge including the guests. P.E.R. Dr. Milton B. Shafer was Chairman of the Dinner Committee.

An Antlers Lodge Is Instituted At Lake Worth, Florida

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge of Antlers was instituted on April 7 by officers of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352. The officers of the new lodge, installed during the meeting, are headed by Exalted Antler James Calvitt. Twenty members were initiated and three joined by dimit. E.R. W. R. Jackson, of Lake Worth Lodge No. 1530, addressed the meeting, speaking on membership work and citing the principles of the Order.

The preliminary work of organization was performed by a committee of Elks, the members of which were C. L. Raulerson, Henry Preston, Howard Ripper and Richard Jarvis. They were appointed to serve as members of the Lake Worth Antlers Advisory Committee.

Right are "Scotty" Henderson and his five sons, all members of Burley, Ida., Lodge.

Below is a photograph taken at the Drill Team Reunion of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. Many prominent Elks attended, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.



New Haven, Conn., Lodge Observes An Impressive Anniversary

With the largest attendance in ten years, New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, celebrated its 57th birthday on April 3. The dinner was held at the Hotel Garde.

P.E.R. Judge John R. Thim who had installed the new officers, assisted by a suite of New Haven Past Exalted Rulers, acted as Toastmaster. Three hundred Connecticut Elks were present. Secy. William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Mayor John W. Murphy of New Haven, P.E.R. James L. McGovern of Bridgeport, Editor of the Bridgeport Times-Star, P.E.R. Judge Joseph E. Talbot, Naugatuck, Senator Joseph P. Cooney, Hartford, and the Rev. John Affleck, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, were speakers.

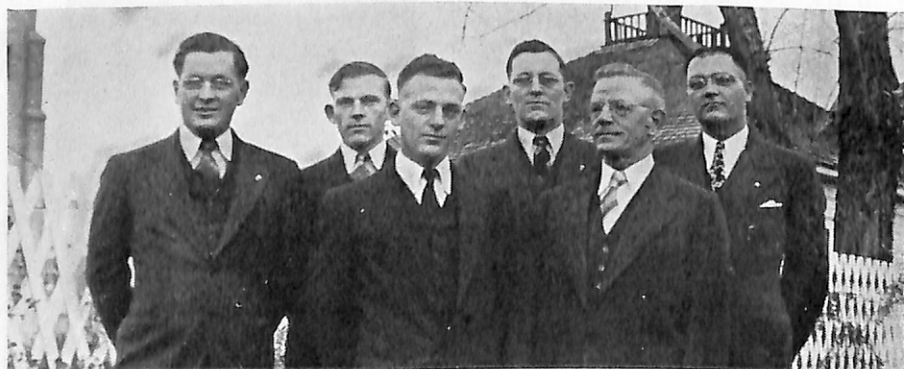
"Old Timers Night" Is Observed By Crisfield, Maryland, Lodge

Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, honored its "Old Timers" not long ago. The

meeting was most enjoyable and well attended. All who had been continuously on the rolls of the lodge as paid-up members for 25 years or more were given gold lapel buttons in appreciation of their loyalty. Past Exalted Rulers William S. Quinn, Harold L. Loreman, A. J. Loreman, James W. McLane, and A. L. Hardester, and Dr. C. E. Collins, William E. Godman, J. C. Sterling and Charles T. Laird were the members so honored.

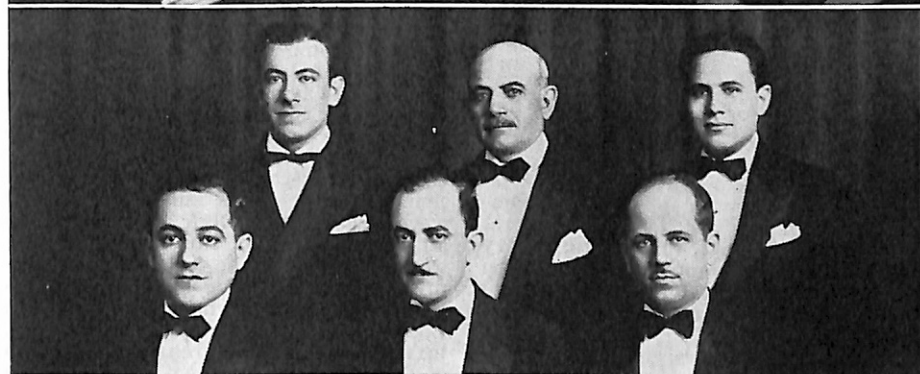
George W. Alvord, Charter Member Of Painesville, O., Lodge, Dies

In the death of George W. Alvord on April 14, at the age of 86, Painesville, O., Lodge, No. 549, lost one of its last surviving charter members. Mr. Alvord practiced law in Lake County for 65 years and in the course of his long career, handled many celebrated cases. He was prominent in the civic and social life of the community and was one of Painesville Lodge's most respected members.





Above: Those who attended a dinner given by Anaheim, Calif., Lodge in honor of Company K, 185th Infantry of the California National Guard.



Left: John A. Nicolini, Sr., and his five sons, who are all members of Hartford, Conn., Lodge.

"Pennsylvania Railroad Night" Is Held at Logansport, Ind., Lodge

Under "Good of the Order", one night each year is set aside by Logansport, Indiana, Lodge, No. 66, for the celebration of "Pennsylvania Railroad Night". This year the "railroad boys" put on an elaborate entertainment. The Exalted Ruler's station was made into a replica of the rear platform of an observation car. The lodge has over one hundred members who are either connected with or pensioned by the Penn railroad.

Superintendent James E. Newell, Jr., was in charge of the program. The lodge room was connected by wire with the Dispatcher's Office, giving all who were assembled in the lodge room a clear understanding of how a railroad is operated. By means of a connection with the Cleveland, O., office, a talk made by Harry Nancarrow, Superintendent of the Cleveland Division and a member of Logansport Lodge, was brought to his fellow members.

Cambridge, O., Lodge Holds an Outstanding Initiatory Meeting

Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, initiated 16 candidates at a Spring meeting as members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's and Subordinate Lodge Officers' Class. Two reinstatements were received. P.E.R.'s Charles B. Clements, D.D. for Ohio, Southeast, John F. Sherry, Bellaire, Past Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Charles B. Weaver, Secy. of Coshocton Lodge, were honor guests. One hundred and fifty Elks, including delegations from Bellaire and Coshocton Lodges, attended.

The Ritual of initiation was exemplified by the Cambridge officers, all of whom were in fine form and letter perfect. During the meeting, Secy. Samuel G. Austin, P.D.D., read a copy of a telegram sent by the lodge to Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch reporting a 100 per cent membership as of March 22. Supper was served after the meeting which was held in the redecorated and newly furnished lodge room.

Baker, Ore., Lodge Honors Old-Timers at a Dinner and Meeting

Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, honored its old-time members at a March meeting, preceded by a dinner attended by nearly 200 Baker Elks. Gold-plated pocket knives, each bearing the member's name and his lodge affiliation, were presented by P.E.R. Herbert Chandler, Master of Ceremonies, to those who have been members for 25 years or more.

Among the old-timers present were S. L. Baer, the oldest living charter member and D. W. French, the next oldest, P.E.R. Moses Fuchs, charter member, P.E.R. Joseph Stoddard, a 29-year member, and Henry C. Burke, the youngest 25-year member. Baker Lodge received its charter in 1896. Seven years later, having outgrown its quarters, the lodge built its own home.

Dedication of New Home of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge

Formal dedication of the new home of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, No. 804, took place on March 22. The lodge had occupied its old home for 36 years. Presiding as Grand Exalted Ruler at the ceremonies was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, assisted by Past Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies from various Colorado lodges. Grand Tiler Jacob L. Sherman, of Denver, acted as Grand Tiler, Wilbur M. Alter, of Victor Lodge, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Andrew Schafer, Jr., of Walsenburg, Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., as Grand Inner Guard, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Denver, as Grand Esquire. The principal address of the evening was given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., who personally represented Grand Exalted



Left: The fully-equipped First-Aid Emergency Car, which was presented to the city of Portsmouth, Ohio, by the members of that Lodge.



At left are Elks of Sturgis, Mich., who participated in the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home. Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle attended the meeting.

Ruler Joseph G. Buch. Response was made by P.D.D. Frank W. Moore, Fort Collins, who also acted for the lodge in presenting a life membership to William Bevington, Chairman of the Building Committee.

Nearly 100 baskets of flowers were received by the lodge from friends as an expression of their good wishes. The building was thrown open to the public for one afternoon and evening, and some 3,000 visitors availed themselves of the invitation to inspect the beauties and practical appointments of what is one of the most commodious lodge homes in the section. The lodge room, occupying a space of 45 by 90 feet, has a large balcony extending back from the floor. Bowling alleys, tables for pool, billiards and pingpong, and the gymnasium are on the first floor, the game room, fountain service, men's lounge and secretary's office are on the second, and the ladies' parlors and lodge room are on the third. The building is within one block of the center of the business district. Shortly

after construction was begun, the membership began to increase. The dedication ceremonies were attended by more than 800 members of Colorado lodges, and by visiting Elks from Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyo.

Portsmouth, O., Lodge Purchases First Aid Car for Use of Citizens

Portsmouth, O., Lodge, No. 154, has purchased for the city a new emergency first aid car to be operated by the Portsmouth Fire Department. Every member of the Department is trained in first aid work and capable of operating every piece of safety equipment carried on the car. An H and H Inhalator, a two-way radio set, rescue buoys, life preservers, stretchers, one Davis gas mask and masks of other varieties, tools for rescue work, a rope ladder, and an insulated safety stand are just a few of the articles listed in the inventory of the car's complete and up-to-date equipment.

The gift represented the earnest desire of the membership of Portsmouth Lodge to serve the citizens of the community. The car replaced one which had been in service for 22 years.

More Than 400 Aberdeen, S.D., Elks Attend Homecoming Celebration

Aberdeen, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 1046, celebrated its annual homecoming on Thursday, March the 20th. The festivities, which began at noon and continued through the afternoon and evening, were enjoyed by four hundred and twenty-five Elks and members of their families. The first event on the program was a Get-Together Luncheon at the lodge home followed by an initiation. Seven reinstatements were received and twenty-five candidates were initiated. The ceremonies were followed by a program of entertainment featuring selections by the Aberdeen Elks Chorus of twenty-four voices. An informal banquet was served at six o'clock.

The evening festivities, open to all Elks and their families, were held in the School-Civic Auditorium, commencing with a concert by the Elks Band which was followed by a two-hour stage show brought to Aberdeen by the lodge for the homecoming celebration. Later a dance and a floor show were given in the Civic Arena, free to all Elks and their families, but open to the general public for a nominal admission charge. The 1941 Homecoming surpassed any held by Aberdeen Lodge in recent years. Great interest in the constantly increasing activities of No. 1046 was shown in the large registration and in the enthusiasm of all who attended and also in the wholehearted efforts of those who arranged the affair and made it a thorough success.

Below is a photograph of the Senior Boy Scout Troop which has been sponsored by the Elks of Santa Ana, Calif.

At bottom: The presentation of toilet kits to Company A of the Iowa National Guard by Elks of Dubuque, Ia.



Right: Members of the "Hon. M. F. Sando Class", who were recently initiated into Scranton, Pa., Lodge.

Right, below, is the Degree Team of Ballard (Seattle), Wash., Lodge, winner of the Mid-Winter Washington State Ritualistic Contest.

Yankton, S.D., Lodge Is Presented With Its Foundation Certificate

An Honorary Founder's Certificate was formally presented to Yankton, S.D., Lodge, No. 994, at its 1941 Past Exalted Rulers Night meeting. P.E.R. Harry N. Nissen, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, accepted the certificate. The presentation was made by P.E.R. James M. Lloyd, P.D.D. Yankton Lodge was the 229th lodge to pay in full its subscription of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation, two years ahead of schedule.

Bellaire, O., Elks Enjoy a Public Testimonial and a Farewell Dinner

The first member of Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, to be called for military service, James Mountain, local sports editor, was honored by the lodge recently at a public testimonial together with a number of other members who expected to be called within a short time. Among the 175 persons in attendance were all of the members of the local Draft Board. Francis Wallace, novelist and sports authority, a member of No. 419, was Master of Ceremonies. Exalted Ruler Taylor Roy presented the guest of honor with a handsome wallet.

On April 1 Mr. Roy entertained the membership at a Farewell Dinner, held prior to the installation of officers for the new fiscal year. One hundred and sixty members attended including Past Exalted Rulers John F. Sherry, Past Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and S. G. Crow, Trustee and a charter member. Roy C. Heinlein of Sistersville Lodge, Treas. of the W. Va. State Elks Assn., and Past District Deputy William H. Robinson, East Liverpool, O., were guests. Mr. Roy was presented with a traveling bag by the incoming Exalted Ruler, Edmund A. Sargus.

Right is a picture taken on "Old Timers' Night" at Kewanee, Ill., Lodge.

Below: A group of members who were present when the mortgage on the home of Houston, Tex., Lodge was burned. Among those present was Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell.

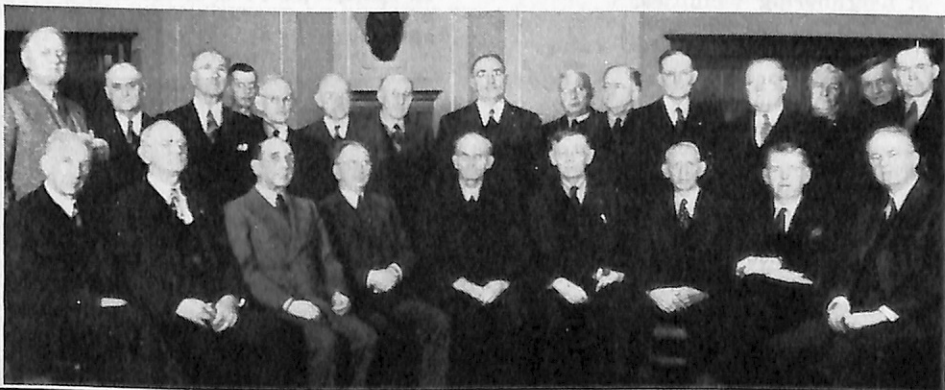


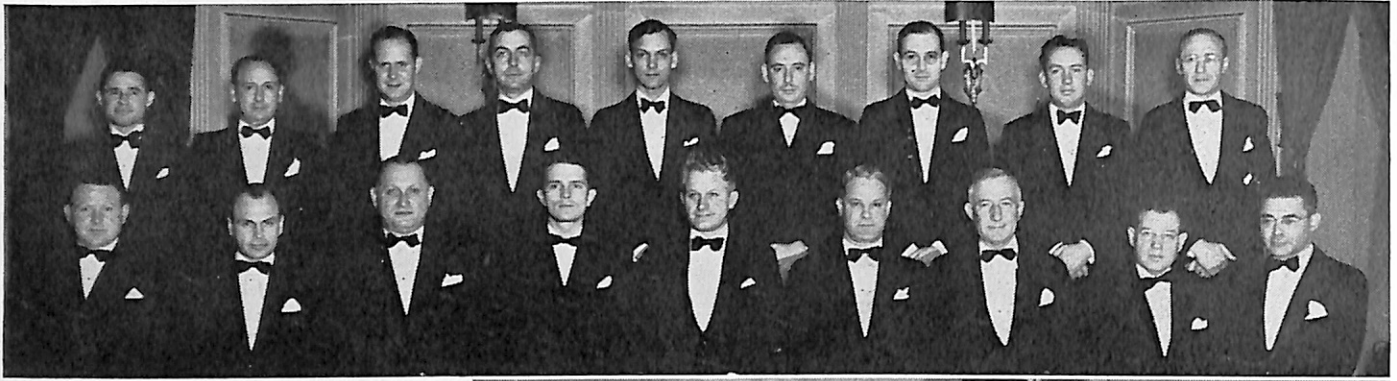
Quincy, Mass., Lodge Entertains State Elks at Regional Meeting

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, was host to the Massachusetts State Elks Association at its regional meeting on Sunday, March 23. A parade was held after a concert at the depot by the U.C.T. Band. P.E.R. John G. Nicklas, State Sergeant-at-Arms, was Chief Marshal. Heading the parade were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, State Pres. Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, and E.R. T. Russell Hally. John Welch carried

the American flag, Giulio Cherubini the State flag, and Henry Thorne the Elks' banner; Joseph Fern and Chaplain Clarence L. Pratt were color guards. The route was short but the procession was impressive.

The regional meetings are held mainly for reports and discussions of coming events and plans for carrying on the work outlined by the Grand Lodge. The regional officers were welcomed by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Hally; President Honan presided. P.E.R. Edward H. Lutsky, Marlborough, Chairman of the State Committee on Credentials, intro-





Above are members of the Glee Club of Newark, Ohio, Lodge.

Right is pictured the Elks Americanism Band of Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge.



duced Mr. Malley and other distinguished Elks including D.D.'s Francis W. Dorgan, Taunton, and John A. Driscoll, Maynard, and Past State Pres.'s John F. Burke of Boston, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn, John P. Brennan, Cambridge, William E. Earle, Newton, Michael H. McCarron, Woburn, William B. Jackson, Sr., Brookline, William F. Hogan, Everett, and Edward D. Larkin, Quincy. Mr. Lutsky reported the attendance as being the largest at a regional meeting in three years. Some 350 Elks registered at the session, but many more were present. A delicious buffet dinner was served.

A band of 30 pieces has been organized by Quincy Lodge, led by Mr. Hally who took over shortly before he relinquished the office of Exalted Ruler to Fred N. Krim at the close of the lodge year. The band is a decided asset to the lodge and has received and accepted several invitations to visit Elk lodges in neighboring vicinities.

Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers Visit New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge

At one of its Spring meetings, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, was honored with the visit of two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order,

Right: The presentation of a trophy to the undefeated Skeet Team of Washington, D. C., Lodge.

Below is a photograph of the cast of the Minstrel Show held by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge on "Irish Night".

James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Eastchester Supervisor. During the meeting the two distinguished guests installed the lodge's newly elected officers, assisted by District Deputy Michael J. Gilday, P.E.R. of No. 756, who acted as Esquire, and by E.R. George Donaldson, Trustee Clarence G. Martens and P.E.R.'s Louis Schramm, Jr., George M. Martin, George W. Romer and Frederick T. Head of Mount Vernon Lodge.

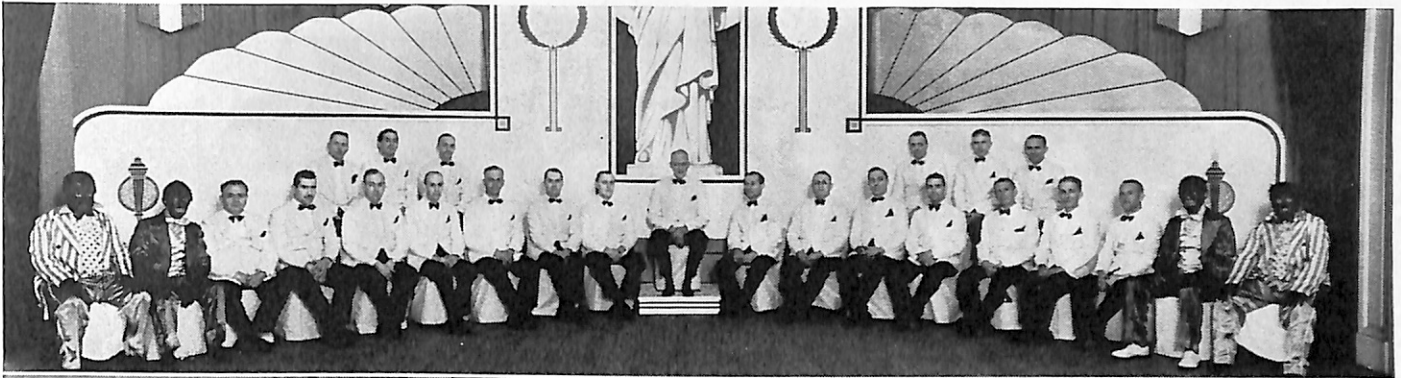
The evening's ceremonies were colorful and beautifully handled. Charles H. Lane, Vice-Pres. of the Board of Education, succeeded the outgoing Exalted Ruler, Christopher J. Murphy.

La Junta, Colo., Elks Entertain Boy Scout Troop Sponsored by Lodge

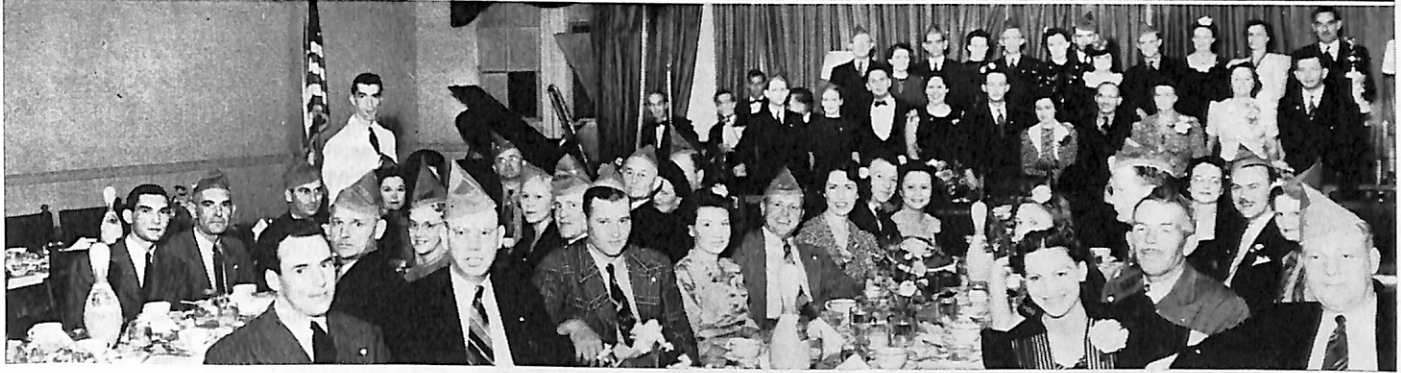
La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, has sponsored a Boy Scout troop for the past five years. The lodge gave a big dinner for members of the troop not long ago after which the Scouts under the direction of their Scoutmaster, Buck Burshears, reciprocated by putting on a series of scout games for the entertainment of their hosts. The troop was presented with a large American Flag, a gift from the Elks.

Each of the 50 Eagle Scouts in La Junta has been presented by the lodge with a neckerchief indicating his rank. Many of the Eagle Scouts have been graduated from the Elks' troop.





At top: The "Holly Club Minstrel Revival", sponsored recently by Mt. Holly, N. J., Lodge.



Above: Those who were present at a Bowling Dinner held recently by Alhambra, Calif., Lodge.

Distinguished Elks Participate in Ceremony at Sturgis, Mich., Lodge

Upon the retirement of its bonded indebtedness, accomplished 20 years before maturity, Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, celebrated its achievement with a three-day program of ceremonies and social activities. The lodge observed its 26th anniversary and held mortgage-burning exercises. The Exalted Ruler, Barna J. Parker, assisted by Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Lodge, D.D. J. Murray Reed of Three Rivers, Mich., and P.E.R. Leland L. Hamilton, Niles, a member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Mich. State Elks Assn., burned the bonds.

Sturgis Lodge has made rapid strides in recent years. It has an excellent drill team and an enthusiastic membership.

Prosperity Attends Efforts of Twin Falls, Idaho, Elks

During the past year Twin Falls, Ida., Lodge, No. 1183, paid the impressive sum of \$32,000 on its outstanding indebtedness. The lodge also contributed \$500 to the local schools for the purchase of clothing for needy children, redecorated the lodge home throughout

and improved the building by adding a ladies' lounge and a recreation room.

The first appearance of the Twin Falls Elks' Americanism Band, the members of which are students of the Twin Falls High School, was made at the time of the initiation of the lodge's "Pershing Day Class". Two color bearers have been added to the band which consists of 18 pieces and is led and directed by Bert Christianson, Instructor of Band at the high school. The members of the band are uniformed in white serge with purple trimmings. Their second appearance was made on the occasion of the Past Exalted Rulers' Initiation. The lodge has voted to send the band to the convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, to be held this month at Lewiston.

A birthday dinner, honoring those members whose birthdays fell in March and April, preceded a recent meeting. Nearly 200 members of the lodge attended. Judge O. P. Duvall, P.D.D., who had installed the new officers, and E.R. William J. Morgan spoke briefly at the meeting. The retiring Exalted Ruler, Lawrence V. Groves, was presented with a wrist watch in appreciation of his services.

Below are pictured those members who witnessed the burning of the mortgage on the home of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge a short time ago.

Ohio P.E.R.'s Association Holds Two-day Conference at Chillicothe

More than 500 Ohio Elks were guests of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, on March 15-16 for the fourth annual Fathers and Sons and Past Exalted Rulers State-wide Reunion held by the Ohio P.E.R.'s Association. For the first time, the Reunion was made a two-day affair. Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and E. B. LeSueur of Toledo, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., were speakers. The activities, which began with registration at 1 p.m. on Saturday, were climaxed by the Father and Son Banquet and the initiation of candidates on Sunday. The lodge held Open House and a dance for Elks and their ladies was given on Saturday night. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was rendered by P.E.R. Robert W. Dunkle, State Trustee. A sightseeing tour and a theatre party were among the diversions arranged for the entertainment of the ladies.

The opening ceremonies of the meeting were conducted by James M. Lynch, Ashtabula, acting as Exalted Ruler, Charles B. Weaver, Coshocton, Dr. L. H. Whisler, Willard, W. D. Cole,





Above is a photograph taken on the occasion of the dedication of the new home of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge. Many prominent members of the Order attended, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner and John R. Coen.

Left: Those who participated in a patriotic program conducted recently by Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge.



Lakewood, Russell Batteiger, Chillicothe, William H. Hermann, Chillicothe, and Col. C. W. Wallace, Columbus, officers of the P.E.R.'s Assn. A selected group of Past Exalted Rulers representing each State district and headed by John W. Schuller of Hillsboro Lodge, conducted the initiatory ceremonies. Three fathers enjoyed the novelty of having their sons become their "brothers"; James M. Lynch, Jr., Robert Mettler, and Dr. Henry Brown, sons of

James M. Lynch, Sr., Roy Mettler and Doctor H. H. Brown respectively, were initiated into Chillicothe Lodge. Thanatopsis was recited by Past State Pres. James R. Cooper of Newark. The convention, which was conducted by several committees, was a pronounced success. Past Exalted Ruler E. R. Miller, of Chillicothe Lodge, served as General Chairman. The conference was closed by the local officers, led by Exalted Ruler Clyde E. Rodehaver.

Columbia, Tenn., Lodge Celebrates Its Fortieth Anniversary

Columbia, Tenn., Lodge, No. 686, celebrated its 40th anniversary on March 28 by giving a special ham and fried chicken dinner. P.E.R. Dr. George C. Williamson was Toastmaster; P.E.R.'s L. Z. Turpin and J. C. Armstrong, P.D.D.'s, P.E.R. W. C. Whitthorne, Judge of Maury County, and Circuit Court Judge W. B. Turner were among those seated at the speakers' table.

P.D.D. A. C. Pogue was in charge of the banquet, being ably assisted by the Elks' ladies. Several visiting Elks were present from Nashville, Tenn., including D.D. John J. Brady, accompanied by Mrs. Brady, Secy. H. L. Dahlman, accompanied by Mrs. Dahlman, and P.D.D. W. H. Mustaine. During the festivities, the retiring Exalted Ruler, Lloyd Haley, was presented with his Past Exalted Ruler's pin. W. E. Houser, Joseph Hagey and Dr. E. B. Topmiller received life membership cards. About 150 members attended the delightful affair and many ladies were present.

Left: The City League Champion Basketball Team sponsored by Charles City, Ia., Lodge.



Below are 13 Past Exalted Rulers of Jerseyville, Ill. Lodge who attended the Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night recently.



Murder on Sanctity Key

(Continued from page 7)

somebody else had. That meant there was an unknown murderer loose on the island. I wasn't particularly afraid of Beno anymore—he seemed harmless enough now—but the thought of an armed killer lurking around in the dark somewhere was not one I liked to consider. I don't get paid for being the Sanctity Key deputy (as maybe I have already said) and despite Beno's pleas I saw no reason I should have free dealings with a person who shot folks in the back of the head with a shotgun. I said, "This is a case for the sheriff, Beno. I'll drive back to Potter Murch's, he's got a telephone, and call from there."

Beno moaned. "You can't leave me here with—" He glanced toward the corpse and shuddered. "He keeps staring at me!"

"Maybe he thinks you killed him."

Beno made noises like faulty plumbing and I said I would be back soon, and left.

Potter Murch's party was still going on. It usually was. Potter had come to Sanctity Key about four years before, and after living quietly for a while he began to open up. He was in his middle forties, I'd guess, plumpish, and bald. He was the most completely bald man I had ever seen. He didn't even have eyebrows. He always claimed women had pulled his hair out by the roots, and this seemed possible, considering the way Potter always had women around. Sanctity Key was within easy driving distance of both Tampa to the north and Miami to the east, and Potter must have kept an agent in both cities to invite show girls down to Sanctity Key. He had the biggest house on the island and it was always full.

Potter was on the front porch with a couple of blondes and I called him aside. He took one look at me and said, "What you need is a drink." And I said yes, and we had a drink. Then I told him what had happened and that I had to call the sheriff.

"Good!" Potter said. "This is a gold letter day in the history of Sanctity Key. We've got to celebrate!" And he began to yell for the nigger boy to bring champagne and for everybody to gather round. "It's not often that justice gets two birds with one load of buckshot this way—that pest Roscoe Swinton and Beno Hardwick at the same time!"

"Beno claims he didn't do it," I said.

"We can only pray," Potter said. He lifted his glass and said, "Let us pray," and drank.

It was about this time that Lilac McGinty came in, dragging some guy with her. Lilac had been a burlesque girl in her earlier days, much earlier, and though she had fleshed up a bit since then she still had all her youth-

ful inclinations, maybe more so. She was number one on Beno Hardwick's petition list. The mere thought of Lilac made Beno turn crimson with shame, and he must have spent a lot of time thinking of her, judging by the number of petitions he had circulated trying to get her flung off the island. "What's this?" Lilac said, bearing down on us, and though there were several persons speaking at that time we had no trouble hearing Lilac. She must have cultivated that voice in her burlesque days when she wanted to be sure they heard her in the last row gallery. "What's this about poor old Beno?"

"He killed Roscoe Swinton for stealing his roses," Potter said, "and they are going to send him to the electric chair—we hope."

For about four aghast seconds Lilac stared at him. Her bosom heaved and her face clouded and the storm gathered around her. Then it broke in a tempest of tears and wails of hurricane force. Almost everybody rushed to her aid with drinks, and she drank most of them and calmed a little though she kept whimpering, "Poor old Beno! Poor old Beno! I hate to see him go!"

I said, "I didn't know you and Beno were such pals. I thought you hated his guts."

She looked at me, her eyes tear wet and a glass in her trembling hand. "Of course I hated the --- But he was so good for me. He saved me so much trouble!"

"How?" I asked.

"HE SAVED me from confessing all my sins—Beno told everybody everything I'd done. And more, too, damn his scrawny soul!" She emptied her drink and began to weep afresh.

Well, one of Potter's blondes came over to get the straight of the story from me, and we had a drink and talked a while, but finally I remembered that I ought to be phoning the sheriff. Not that it did me any good. The phone was out of order and had been since the thunderstorm earlier that night. There weren't but four phones on the island and they were out of order most of the time. I considered a trip to the mainland, but the blonde said she wanted to go swimming and Potter said that the phone might be repaired almost any time, maybe even before I could have reached the mainland anyway, and the blonde said she wanted to go swimming. "Roscoe's already dead," Potter said. "So what's the hurry?"

Lilac McGinty kept sobbing, "Poor old Beno." Then she stopped sobbing and looked at me and said, "I wonder if it hurts to be electrocuted, the --- I think I'll start a petition for 'em to boil him in oil."

Well, the blonde and I went swimming and some time later (it was a

little after two a.m.) I found the phone was working and called the sheriff. He and the coroner and a couple of deputies (regular, paid deputies) drove out; they stopped by Potter Murch's to inquire the way and to have a drink, and then Potter and I went with them to Beno's house.

We stopped out front—and like it had just been waiting for the cars to stop, the scream began, the most Gosh-awful howl that ever came out of man or beast. And with the howl, here came Beno out of his house. His nightgown streamed out behind him like the tail of a kite and those whooping-crane legs of his were covering the five yards at a jump and with every jump he was bellowing, "Help! Help! Don't! Help!" The sheriff and one deputy lit out after him, yelling for him to wait and be helped, but when Beno looked back and saw them after him he turned on new speed. He was practically flying when he went out of sight around the first turn in the road, the sheriff and deputy after him.

THE coroner and the other deputy and Potter and I went on into Beno's house. The corpse lay on the floor where I had left it, staring accusingly at the chair in which Beno had sat. The chair was upside down now, and so was a table with the assorted junk which had been on it scattered about. We poked cautiously about and found Beno's shotgun with one shell fired, nothing else of importance. So we were guessing about what had happened to Beno when the sheriff came back, hauling Beno with him. Beno had fallen into the ditch trying to make the curve, and he looked it. A water iris hung over one shoulder and a tuft of weeds grew out of his hair.

"Now," the sheriff said, "tell us what happened!"

"He tried to grab me!" Beno said.

"Who tried to grab you?"

"Roscoe!"

The sheriff looked at the corpse with the back of its head gone, and then he looked at Beno. "I'm not crazy!" Beno yelled. "I was just sitting waiting for Johnny, and—and he, it kept looking at me, and finally I just had to do something. I thought maybe if I looked in his pockets I might find—"

"Find what?" the sheriff snapped.

"I don't know. Something to prove I wasn't guilty. So I looked, and just as I found some papers, he—he moved, and—"

The coroner began to laugh. "Rigor mortis," he said. "The body was stiffening. Naturally it would move slightly." He had bent over and now he was taking some papers from Roscoe's pockets. He handed them to the sheriff.

We all gathered round while he

looked at them. They were plain white sheets of paper, folded as though ready to put into envelopes. The sheriff opened one and read:

"Dear Judge Carter, Are you ready to pay or be exposed?"

That was all there was to it and there wasn't any signature.

"Who's Judge Carter?" the sheriff asked.

"I never heard of him," I said. "He doesn't live here on the island." Potter said he didn't know anybody by that name, and neither did the deputies (the paid deputies) or the coroner.

"What the hell was this guy Swinton?" the sheriff asked. "A black-mailer?"

"Naw. He was a practical joker. This Judge Carter is probably somebody he's been trying to scare by claiming to have seen him back of the house with the maid. He told me once the county was selling off some of my land for back taxes and I drove all the way to town during a storm. He thought that was funny. Open the other letter."

It was to Lilac McGinty, a passionate love letter signed Beany, and though I had never heard him called Beany, the references to roses made it plain enough that Beno Hardwick was supposed to be the writer. As the sheriff read it Beno set up a yowl that would have shamed his one of a short while before.

"Did this guy send those things through the mail?" the sheriff asked.

"He just stuck 'em in the mail-boxes himself," I said. "At least, that's my guess. This letter writing is a sort of new technique with him. Generally he went in for things like throwing giant firecrackers under an occupied outhouse."

"Why didn't somebody kill him years ago?"

"That," Potter Murch said solemnly, "is something I have often wondered."

"Did he have any family?"

Potter and Beno and I stared at one another aghast. It was the first time any of us had thought of Mrs. Swinton. She was one of these people you just naturally don't think of. In the two years they had lived on Sanctity Key I had seen Mrs. Swinton just twice: once from a distance I had seen her standing on the front porch, and once I had seen her with Roscoe in their automobile—a quiet, faded, vacant-looking little woman who might well have been blind from the way she looked blankly ahead of her. People thought maybe she was an invalid, but if so it didn't keep Roscoe from getting around. Everybody knew him, too dam' well. But nobody knew Mrs. Swinton, and after a while folks

just forgot there was such a person.

The sheriff told me to go over and see if she was awake. He didn't want to disturb an invalid at that hour, if she was asleep, and anyhow he wanted to check around in the rose garden where the murder was supposed to have taken place. The Swinton house was only about a hundred and fifty yards away, but I kept thinking that maybe the person who had killed Roscoe was still lurking around somewhere with another load of buckshot in his gun. I asked Potter to go with me.

There was a light on in the front room of the Swinton house, so we peered through a window—and there was Mrs. Swinton. She looked small and old and lost in a big, overstuffed chair. She was staring straight at us without seeing us.

I tried to gulp and could only get it half way down because my insides were icing over. "They got her too!" I whispered. "They got her too!"

"Liquor's got her," Potter said. I hadn't noticed the bottle beside the chair. It was a quart bottle and there wasn't more than two fingers of liquor still in it. I asked what we should do and Potter said we might as well speak to her, that she was probably better able to stand the news now than she would be later with a hangover—and anyway we might get a drink. So we went in.

She didn't move, didn't seem to hear us until I said, "Mrs. Swinton?" and then repeated it louder. Then she reached down and got the bottle, looking old and feeble, and raised it, her hand shaking a little, and killed the last two fingers in the bottle. She put the bottle on the floor and looked at us. She smiled one of these silly-but-I-can't-seem-to-remember-what-to-do-next smiles.

Finally she said, "Roscoe isn't home yet."

"We weren't looking for him," I said. "We wanted to speak to you. We . . ."

I paused, groping around for the words and she stood up and almost fell, and then waved us off as we went to catch her. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm used to it. When I can't stand up I know it's time to stop drinking. I'll get you gentlemen a drink."

I stopped her. "We have bad news for you, Mrs. Swinton." I couldn't think of any other way to say it, so I took a breath and said, "Your husband's dead. Somebody shot him."

She stiffened as though I had struck her. "What's that?"

"Mr. Swinton's dead."

"No! No. . . ." She began to breathe hard, to tremble a little. "You're sure?"

"Yes."

"You're sure it was Roscoe?"

"Yes, M'am."

"Well, thank God for delayed favors!" she yelled. "I've been married to him for twelve years and I'd about given up hope!" While we stared at her she sort of flowed out of the room and back in again with another bottle of liquor. "Have a drink," she said. "Have two drinks! And wait for me. I'll be back." She went flowing out of the room again.

Potter and I looked at one another. "Well?" I said.

He said, "Well?" And then he said, "We might as well have the drink." So we did.

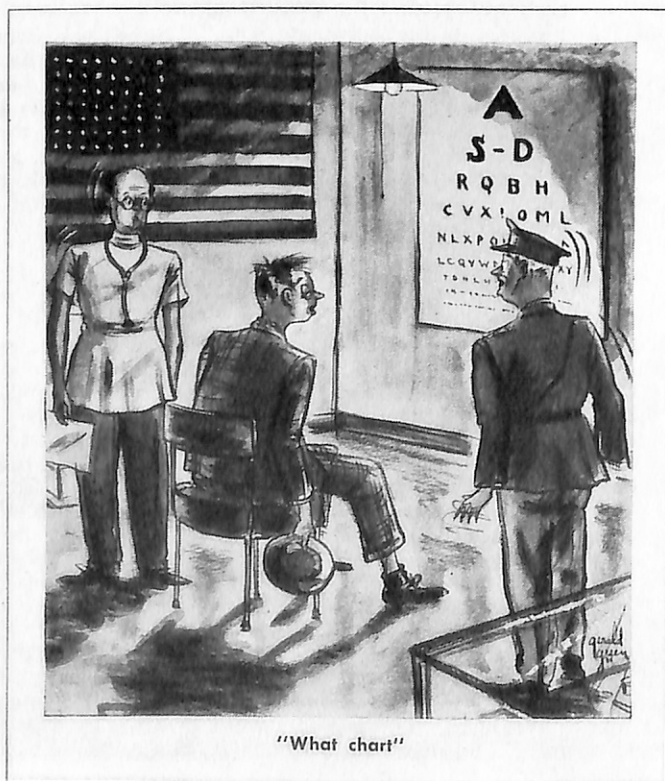
In the back of the house Mrs. Swinton had started to sing. I said, "You can't say a man has lived in vain when his death makes as many people happy as Roscoe's." We had another drink on that.

"And to think it had to be a man like Beno Hardwick bring it about," Potter said. "It almost makes you think Beno's human after all."

"Maybe it wasn't Beno," I said. "He's been so scared that—"

I stopped, gaping at the woman who had come into the living room. For a moment neither Potter nor I recognized her as Mrs. Swinton. She was in her late thirties and pretty. Her blonde hair was done up softly around her head, her makeup was well applied, and she was grinning. She crossed the room and took Potter Murch by the arm. "Come on," she said. "You and I are going jooking. We are going to celebrate. I've heard Roscoe speak of the parties you pitched, and—" she reached up and patted him on the head—"I always did love bald-headed men."

Then went out and left me standing there in the



"What chart?"

living room, but as they went Potter made a sign for me to wait, he'd be back.

They had left me the bottle so I went over and sat down in the chair where Mrs. Swinton had been sitting, and I would soon have been in the shape she had appeared to be in when we came, if I hadn't noticed the magazine on the stand beside the chair. It was one of these true detective magazines. There was the picture of a slender, blackhaired man and under it was the name: Judge Harold (Playboy) Carter. And though I was certain I didn't know the man there was something vaguely familiar about him.

I started to read. It seemed this Judge Carter was a New Yorker and he had disappeared six years before and some half million of the city's dollars had disappeared with him. Some folks claimed he had run away with a blonde showgirl, and some claimed he had been murdered by gangsters and some said he had joined a circus disguised as a clown, and there was one report that he and Lord Haw Haw, the English-speaking German announcer, were the same. I read the article through and then I went back and stared at the picture. I stared and stared—and then it hit me like a club on the back of the neck. I knew who Judge Carter was, and I knew who had murdered Roscoe Swinton!

Well, for a minute the weight of my knowledge held me down; then I remembered how Potter had gestured, and I headed for the door, the magazine still in my hand. I wanted to see the sheriff, and tell him Potter Murch was the killer.

I was half way across the room when the door opened and Potter came in. I made a kind of sick noise and stopped, gaping at him.

He said, "What's wrong, Johnny?"

"Er, nothing," I said. "Nothing at all. Not a thing wrong. I'm fine, thank you."

He put his hand in his pocket. "Where're you going?"

"Why I wasn't going anywhere," I said. "I was just walking around the room. Get a little exercise, you know. I haven't had much exercise these last few months. I ought to swim more."

He said, "What's that in your hand, Johnny?"

"My hand? Which hand? Oh, that! Why, er, nothing. I mean, just, something. I hadn't looked at it really. It's a magazine, isn't it? Funny I should have picked that up. I never read, you know."

Potter took his hand out of his coat pocket and he had an automatic pistol that looked as big as a shotgun. "So that's it," he said, sort of musingly. "He saw the picture in that magazine. I wondered how he got on to me."

"Personally I never look at pictures," I said, and put the

magazine back on the table. "I expect I better be going. I expect the sheriff would like to hear about Mrs. Swinton—" And then I felt it coming and tried to stop it before I said it, and couldn't. "Where is she? What did you do to her?"

"She's at my house. She and Lilac McGinty are drinking champagne and singing *Frankie and Johnny*. Mrs. Swinton's version of that is as good. I wonder what she did before she married Roscoe."

"I don't know," I said. "I'll ask her sometime. In fact, I'll go right over there now and ask her. You just wait here, and I—"

He shook his bald head. "No, Johnny. I'm going to take a chance on Mrs. Swinton, because she'll keep quiet. She feels she owes me that much for getting rid of her husband. But you—"

"Oh, you can trust me. Even if I knew anything, I'd die before I told."

He said, "That's right, Johnny, you will. And I rather liked you, too." He raised the gun. I don't see how he did it. The Germans could have shelled London with a gun like that. The muzzle looked big enough to jump down, and that's what I felt like doing.

He said, "I'm sorry, Johnny. But I've got to."

Then the door opened again and the sheriff was standing there with the deputies (the paid deputies) back of him and they all had guns. And the sheriff looked beautiful too. If ever I have a chance to vote for somebody to go to Hollywood to be a movie hero I'm going to vote for old Sheriff Rockbottom. Lord, he looked pretty behind that .45 of his, and his voice was music when he said, "Now wait a minute, Mr. Murch. If'n there's any shooting gonna be done around here, I aim to do it."

So that's the way it ended, Potter seeing he was licked and taking it with a shrug.



"Shall we go, dear? . . . I believe they've gone to bed."

The next night I was explaining it to Mrs. Swinton. She and Lilac were polishing off a bottle of champagne and I could plainly see they were destined to be bosom pals, as long as Mrs. Swinton's liquor held out.

"When Roscoe saw the picture he must have noticed a kind of vague likeness between the Judge and Potter Murch," I said. "But it's doubtful if he really thought they were the same. He just thought he was pulling another one of his jokes. The trouble was, Potter didn't know who was sending him those notes and by the time he learned, he had overplayed his hand and Roscoe knew he really had something. So then Potter decided he'd have to—"

"Don't try to spare my feelings on words like that," Mrs. Swinton said, taking a sip of her champagne. "Just say, 'decided he'd have to blow the head off the -----.'"

"That's telling him!" Lilac said. She emptied her glass and filled it again. You could tell she wasn't the real lady Mrs. Swinton had been because Lilac always grabbed at the bottle as if she was afraid it would jump. "But how did Beno Hardwick get mixed in this?"

"Potter knew of Beno's threats to shoot Roscoe if Roscoe picked any more of his roses, and he knew Beno had a shotgun. So he killed Roscoe with a shotgun. He didn't plan to frame Beno for the murder if he could help it, however. He was going to dump Roscoe in the bayou and hope nobody would find him. But he had to carry him across Beno's rose garden—this was early, while the party was going strong at his house and nobody noticed that he had slipped out; from his house to the place where he met Roscoe and from there to the bayou wasn't over a half mile altogether—and while he was crossing the rose garden Beno saw them. It was dark and Beno couldn't see well. He thought it was just one person. So he banged away out of the window. That made Potter afraid to go on with the corpse—and anyway this made a perfect chance to put it on Beno."

"I expect you're right about it all," Mrs. Swinton said. "At least you're right about Roscoe thinking at first his notes to Potter Murch were only a joke."

I stared at her. "You knew. . . ?"

"Yes." She smiled at me. She was quite pretty. Not as pretty as some of Potter's blondes, but prettier than anybody, seeing her yesterday, would have thought possible. "He usually told me about his jokes," she said. "He even tried a lot of them on me. For twelve years. And finally he's played one which, it seems to me, had a funny ending. Though I do feel sorry for poor Potter."

Soldier of the King

(Continued from page 13)

ing to their whistles, Joe decided. He remembered when he was a kid twelve years old, he had been chased by cops in Buffalo. "Just a crap game," he explained to her. "Nothing criminal. Not Gallagher."

"Gallagher, you are magnificent. Oh, you are magnificent. You make me brave. You make the world brave where you walk. I know. I've heard." Her elbows leaned against the fourth step of the stairs. The smoke of her cigarette passed slowly across her face. This was the time. He placed his big hands under her shoulders. He lifted her and held her very close to him, their lips together, and he thought, I make her brave, while I keep thinking of tomorrow and my heart is in my feet so surely that it bleeds if I but lace my shoes too tightly. "Darling Marcia," he said softly to her. In his private thoughts he told himself: the lights go out tomorrow, Gallagher, you dog. This is the thing you want. You sit here taking what you want, don't count the cost of it to her, the while you know you won't be back, that maybe brother Charlie won't be back. You don't tell her this because you wouldn't stick a knife in baby flesh. She's brave and calm and happy now because she doesn't know any better.

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"Nothing's the matter, darling. Not a thing. It's just that I love you so the thing gets in my nose. I have to stop to breathe."

The tumult in and from the sky had passed. The sirens ceased their wailing. People came back into view with small commotion.

Marcia looked at her watch. She said, "Darling, I'll have to go."

"Go? You have to go now?"

"Really. But wait for me, dear, until I freshen a bit." Her lip rouge had been smeared. Attractively, he thought. She looked so young and gay and beautiful. "And, darling," Marcia said, "see if you can't steal the steps. I'm going to remember them. I love the steps. I love you, too."

WHILE she was gone he took the compact he had bought her and put inside of it, beneath the disc of rouge she would probably not remove at first, a little note inscribed in tiny script. He signed it with a row of X's which he said were all his love for her, and one of them, one of the X's, marks the spot that once was Gallagher, if he should not appear for dinner Thursday night, the seventeenth of January.

She returned. "I couldn't steal the steps," he said. "That man was watching me. I stole you this."

"Joe—how dear of you! You knew I wanted it. I'll keep it always." She opened it, smiled into the little mirror, did not remove the disc of rouge. She held his arm,

tightly and happily as they left the store. "It's been such a short day, Joe. If I could only be with you every day. But we'll have dinner tomorrow, together, just as we planned. Oh, Joe."

"You have to go home now? You really do? I have a few hours left before reporting back."

"Yes, darling. I really have to go."

"Well, we can drive, at least, I'll get a cab. Should take an hour to your place, anyhow."

The cab stopped at his summons. She put her strong gloved hands on his coat's lapels and kissed him tenderly and publicly. "Bye, darling. For a little while. Dinner tomorrow."

"But I'm going with you. I'll be good. I'll ride back by myself."

"Please, Joe." She told the cabbie something which Joe couldn't hear. He watched her ride away into the traffic, smiling back at him, with one hand waving, her dark eyes shining, loving him.

THE Spitfires dropped to twenty thousand feet, then down to seventeen. They leveled off, full power ahead, with all the horses kicking in the cylinders. Joe watched his instruments and listened to the words of Nedley. He understood. No chance of error now.

Charley said to Nedley, "One suggestion, Captain—if I may. Gallagher's the best of us. He does more tricks with a plane and better tricks. If it's possible, let him pick up the agent. He can do a better job than I can, better job than you can."

Joe said, "How big is he? It's gonna be a squeeze."

"Not so big, Joe. It's not a man. It's a woman. Except we're not supposed to know some things. We just do what we're told."

"Some things are none of our business," Nedley said. The remark was tightly spoken and intended to censor Charlie.

Joe thought: man or woman, what's the difference? If we make it we won't get away alive. Sure I'm scared, he thought. Scared as hell. Loyal to the Empire. Loyal as I can be and loyal enough to fight a dozen Nazis. But a job like this: they pick you out; they put the X on you because you're not supposed to be afraid; you are a very special guy to do a very special job. Like a bombsight, like a carburetor, like anything that can be used and if destroyed, all right, the hell, they've got some more of you on order. But they're right, of course. They're right. I brought myself to them. They didn't come to me. I said, Look here; I'm it.

Except that I'm not brave enough. The only empire I have ever known is Gallagher. Everywhere I look around and feel and touch is Gallagher. Oh, Marcia, baby, everybody's scared. You're warm and sleeping

in your bed or you'd be scared. God bless you, Marcia.

"Hey, Charlie." There were only minutes now between this time and what would come. "Hey, Charlie, do you ever kiss your sister?"

"Do I ever what?"

"You ever kiss your sister, Charlie?"

Charlie didn't answer for a moment, then he said, "Yes, Joe. Christmas, birthdays, holidays. And this afternoon when I saw her for a moment." Charlie's voice was strained and climbing all the time. "After she'd left you, I kissed her, Joe, and she kissed me and kissed me then another time for you."

"For me? For something special, Charlie?"

"Steady now," said Nedley.

"Why, Charlie? Why for me?"

"Because she knows what you are doing, what the two of us are doing. Because she loves you. Let's not talk about it, Joe. Let's do the job. You go down and pick her up, because you'll do it best. Yes, Marcia. The agent, the spy, the little lady in the snow. The little girl who went to school in France and speaks the purest French I've ever heard."

"Marcia! Good God, Charlie!"

"Good God and good Marcia. You were not supposed to know. But you've got to know. We're in this thing together."

Dropping lower now and lower all the time and they could see the white spread of the earth as they moved through the lace of tattered cloud against the high wind's blowing. Joe could see it clearly now—this cause and dedication. Courage, purpose and the willingness to die were things made possible by great occasion, by the common will. They were together. They were all together. Now that he'd joined; now that he understood, it would be easier to be brave—almost as brave as Marcia, with her loving faith, almost as brave as the boys who held the sky up over England.

"Did she say anything for me, Charlie? Besides goodbye?"

"She didn't say goodbye. She said good luck. She said she has a date with you for tonight that she intends to keep! She said don't stub your nose or anything like that!" Charlie was shouting now.

Gallagher was in the ball game. He was scared, a little bit. But every soldier must be scared at such a time as this.

Nedley said, "Now," and dropped the Spitfire's nose. Joe counted slowly, as he had been told to do. He kicked her over in a dive. The wind screamed madly in resistance to his wings. The girl's face was smiling sweetly to him from the instrument panel in the pit. He was praying softly. He was going down. Then he was laughing as he dove.

Arms and the Men

(Continued from page 9)

ly after one of his finest seasons three years ago. Wes Ferrell, who made baseball history by winning more than twenty games in each of his first four seasons in the big leagues, came down with a sore arm in his fifth season and has known only two good years in the last nine. Paul Dean, reputed at one time to possess more natural ability than his celebrated brother, experienced only two good years before his meal ticket went dead.

Johnny Vander Meer, author of the incredible feat of pitching two successive no-hit, no-run games three years ago, has not been the same since and now is a bewildered boy. Van Mungo, once the best prospect in the country and still a young man, has won the grand total of eighteen games in the last four years. Schoolboy Rowe, winner of sixteen straight games as a kid fresh out of the bush, has been making a series of comebacks when he should be in the very prime of his life. There are others who have been befouled by the sore-arm epizootic: Johnny Allen, Tom Bridges, Clay Bryant, Lefty Gomez, Lee Grissom, Lefty Grove, Bill Lee, Hal Schumacher—the list is as long as the medical diagnoses of the ailments to which pitchers are heir.

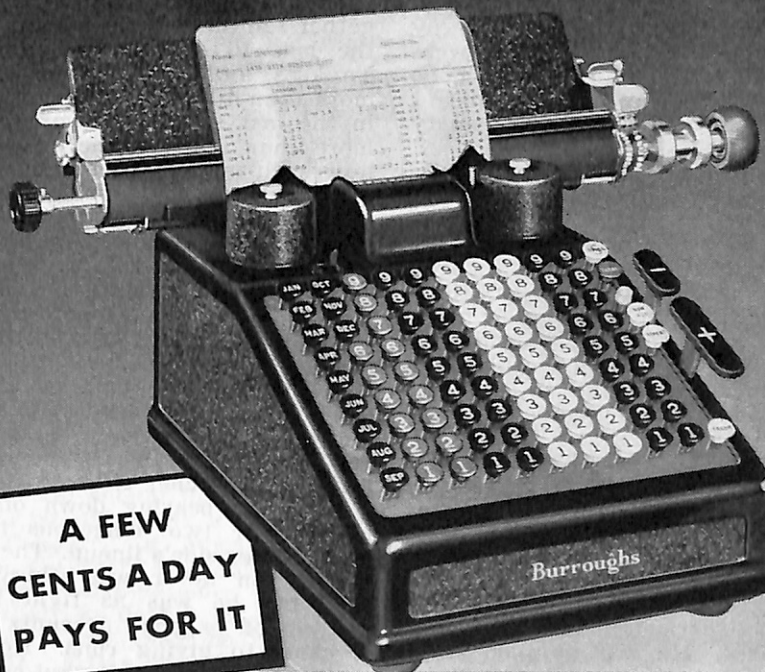
DEEP thinkers who can smell a sociological angle in any given situation see this parade of wooden shoulders as so many victims of Capitalistic Greed. The bright boys will tell you star pitchers are overworked by the soulless baseball corporations and are worn out long before their normal span, then discarded like a pair of high-buttoned shoes found in the attic.

Old Timer, my imaginary little man who's always here to serve as interlocutor, typical dope and whipping boy, as usual hollers that the breed is getting soft.

"Pitchers today are sissies, the bums," good old Old Timer grouches. "Years ago we didn't have all this nonsense about sore arms. Walter Johnson, the fastest pitcher who ever lived, was in the big league for twenty-one years and had one sore arm in his life. He worked it out by pitching a shutout against the Yankees the next day.

"Cy Young pitched for twenty-two years and won more games than any man in baseball history. Cy had one sore arm a season—the day he reported at training camp. He always said he had to have a lame wing, so he'd go nine innings his first day in camp and get the damn' thing over and done with. It makes me sick to hear these young whipsnappers who get five times as much dough as the old stars—whose gloves they couldn't carry—squawk

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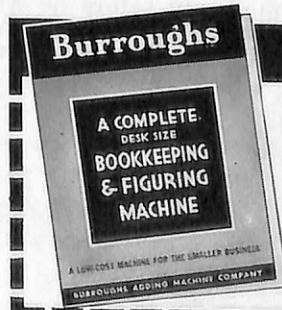
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every time a batter throws them a harsh look."

Old Timer and the gents cluttered up with social-consciousness carefully neglect to remember one important point. A sore arm is an occupational hazard of baseball. Pitchers always have had them—but they are given wider publicity today because strenuous efforts are made to protect the heavy investment a star represents.

This business of paying for expensive operations performed by the top-drawer surgeons of the country, then retaining the patient on the payroll for a year while he recuperates, was unknown as recently as fifteen years ago. The Spartan rule of the game held that a guy had to show or scram. Men were not carried and coddled in the hope that their arms would regain vibrant strength at some date in the misty future.

Remember Ferdie Schupp? In 1916 he established the all-time record by allowing .90 earned runs a game. He was a whale of a pitcher and measured by modern standards would be worth \$100,000. In 1917, the next year, Schupp's arm went dead. The Giants didn't send him to a recognized medical specialist nor did they continue to pay his modest salary. They gave him his unconditional release.

As recently as 1922 Herman Pilette won twenty-three games for the Tigers in his first full season in the American League. That made him a very jewel of a young pitcher—while his arm was strong and sturdy. But in 1923 Pilette developed a persistent ache in his meal ticket. He was shipped summarily back to the minors.

Veteran Jack Scott had a sore arm in '22 and was released in mid-season by the Boston Braves. Six weeks later, refreshed by the rest he needed, Scott left his North Carolina farm and joined the Giants to help them win the pennant. He did all of that and pitched a shutout against the Yankees in the World Series.

It cannot be denied that pitchers are more susceptible to arm ailments today. The condition is vastly exaggerated, however. You hear more about bursitis, chipped elbows and torn muscles than your pappy did simply because the victims are not permitted to drop out of sight at the first indication of a misery. Men with remarkable longevity records such as Johnson, Young, Alexander, Quinn and Mathewson have had modern counterparts in Hoyt, Grimes, Grove, Ruffing, Jones, Penock, Lyons, Faber and Fitzsimmons.

The cause of the sore-arm epidemic is an open secret. It is, of course, the lively ball, which has changed radically all pitching technique.

Fabulous fellows of the dear, dead past lasted longer because they didn't have to pitch under constant pressure. They worked more frequently, perhaps, but they could

afford to coast through opposing batting orders which included, at the most, two men capable of hitting the dead ball for a home run. In this mad world every humpty-dumpty clutching a bat in his paws holds the threat of a belt over the fence with the jackrabbit ball pitchers are given. The chances for a home run are at least six times greater than they were before the first World War. Statistics prove it.

This year the sluggers in each of the major leagues will produce more than 750 homers, the average number of the last decade. But in 1907 the eight American League teams hit 101 homers among them and the National League managed to put together 126 the following season. For the last 16 consecutive years the Yankees alone have been hitting more than 100 homers a season and in the last six they have averaged more than one a game. Hobbledehosys such as Foxx, DiMaggio, Greenberg, Williams and Mize are hitting more homers in any given season than an entire team unloaded over a stretch of 154 games a generation ago.

HITTERS are not growing stronger and pitchers weaker. Power-house drives have been made by a combination of hopped-up ball and outfield fences which are being shortened continually. Once it was possible for a good pitcher to coast through a game by bearing down only on the one or two dangerous hitters in the other side's lineup. The great Mathewson never was stingy with hits, but he was as tight as an auditor of expense accounts when it came to giving runs. He once pitched a fourteen-hit shutout with the dead ball. If he were throwing the enlarged golf ball in use today, it's a mortal cinch two or three of those hits would've been homers.

There is an old maxim in baseball which holds that a man does not learn how to pitch until he has had a sore arm. Translated for the layman, it means a pitcher does not bother with trick deliveries, working on a hitter's weakness and other fine points of the craft as long as he has the vibrant strength in his arm to blow the ball past the batter. Once he loses the hop on his fast ball, though, he must resort to guile to remain on a big-league payroll.

The finest pitcher in America, 22-year-old Robert Feller, has a tremendous future because he changed his style voluntarily before he was forced to adopt new tactics. At that, the boy prodigy had a sore arm

four years ago, but his young muscles were so pliant that he escaped, fortunately, without disastrous after-effects. Never again will Feller pull the silly schoolboy stunt which marked his first game against a big-league team. In an exhibition game with the Cardinals in 1936, Rapid Robert pitched three innings—and struck out eight of the nine men he faced.

Leo Durocher, the present Brooklyn manager and then with the Cardinals, played with Dean when Dizzy was in his prime and, as an American Leaguer, made feeble efforts to hit the lightning that was Lefty Grove's fire-ball. Durocher told me that Feller, at eighteen, was so much faster than Dean and Grove that comparisons were ridiculous. Feller now throws as many curves as fast balls and saves his Sunday pitch for those occasions when it becomes necessary to pour on the pressure. Barring unforeseen accidents—he has a mania for driving cars at breakneck speed—Feller should be slightly terrific for fifteen years.

Every great pitcher but one who achieved the prominence of a shining, constant star used a very good fast ball for his springboard to success. The notable exception is Carl Hubbell, whose fast ball never was better than mediocre. He knocked around seven different leagues with indifferent success until he came up with his screwball, a freak pitch. He seemed to be one latter-day ace who escaped the sore-arm specter, but the screwball proved to be his Frankenstein monster. It finally caught up with him and he made the pilgrimage to the operating table in 1938.

Enterprise and effective elbowing gave Hubbell what are generally known as fame and fortune. They also left him with a permanent deformity. When you and I walk naturally with our arms swinging freely, the palms of our hands turn in toward the body. Hubbell's left palm is twisted grotesquely outward. That's the result of throwing the screwball with a violent snap of the left wrist.

Try to contort your arm ten times so that your palm faces the opposite wall, the approximate finishing position after Hubbell has delivered his screwball. Your shoulder throbs as if a jumping toothache were located there, doesn't it? Then your elbow suddenly is numb and your wrist feels as if you've been supporting all the volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica for hours. Now you know why Hubbell will be branded with the mark of a pitcher for the rest of his life.

Now you can understand why Johns Hopkins Hospital, not the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y., is the ultimate shrine of pitchers. And perhaps you can appreciate what pitchers mean when they grouse that there must be an easier—if not a better—way of making a living.



Your Dog

(Continued from page 14)

twenty-pound terrier and so we kept right on with the speech. The pooch went downstairs but curiosity got the better of him, and, as we continued, he came up again, this time to sit in the doorway of the room and, boys and girls, you can believe us, he sat there and gazed so intently and with such an expression of wonder that it wasn't long before your writer was rattled and the speech never was finished at home.

The foregoing isn't cited as an example of canine reasoning; but that pooch knew that no one else was home and knew, too, that folks don't go around talking to themselves—at least, in our house they don't. This undoubtedly had him puzzled and that's why he came back upstairs, very likely to check up and be sure if there were someone else in the room.

But perhaps these are indifferent examples of Fido's being equipped to use his head-piece. Undoubtedly you who read this could cite scores of better experiences more clearly proving the point. It merely requires a bit more than the average observation that most owners accord their dogs. Study your own dog if you have one and you'll see many little evidences of reasoning and personality, too, that might have heretofore escaped you.

It's strange but true, many who own dogs give them only the most casual attention and many of these are the kindest of owners, too. But they'd get a whole lot more fun out of their pets and learn a thing or two as well, if they gave the pooch half the attention they give to other less interesting things. This must be and undoubtedly is a matter of grief to the dog whose whole being is wrapped up in his master. If such owners realized how closely their dogs observe them, how deeply interested they are in the master's comings and goings, how every inflection

of voice and facial expression too were matters of concern to their dogs—they would be a heap surprised. The boys and girls who keep the groceries on the table by training Fido advise that if you would know your dog, then study him further, that how well you know him often determines how well you can train him. If you have a dog, watch him, note the little errands an intelligent dog will invent for himself, the little games, duties—imaginary and otherwise—his preferences and dislikes and all those things that consciously or otherwise endear the dog to us. Given only a small part of the studious observation that he gives to his owner, the intelligent dog becomes not only more interesting but more useful as well. Such observation adds richly to the enjoyment of the dog's companionship.

Sticking to our text concerning Fido's ability to use his think-tank, let's say right here that we don't team up with those sentimentalists who are given to investing the pooch with a lot of human qualities that he doesn't have. To our way of thinking, those good people do more harm to dogs than good. The dog has decided limits and should in fairness at all times be judged as a dog and not by standards of human behavior. Then, too, there are wide differences between individual dogs. Some there are that—as dogs—shine in intelligence, others may be canine fat-heads. Some may be crabbed, crotchety, yes, even bad actors at all times, others may be as sweet-tempered as dear old Aunt Sue. But to the dog's credit his species produces more nobles than knaves and considering his limitations—he's only an animal, after all—a surprising number of intelligent specimens.

This brings us to that often asked question, "Which is the smartest breed?" Our answer to this is always the same. There is no smartest



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such

subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.



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breed. In this, dogs are exactly like people; they vary in intelligence according to the individual. We've seen honor students in all breeds and likewise dumb clucks in all breeds. Coupled in the betting with the foregoing question is the old one which asks which breeds are savage. Again the answer is: this varies with the individual—just as it would among people. There are some breeds, perhaps a bit more reserved than others, that are quicker to resent familiar handling, especially on the part of strangers, but this does not necessarily mean that those breeds are vicious. Then, too, many a dog has turned anti-social because of some early bitter experience with men or because of some definite sickness of mind or body. Brutal treatment, neglect or continued confinement on a chain more often than not will sour a dog's disposition, and you can't blame him at that. Sometimes an excessively shy dog may become dangerous.

But an impartial appraisal of Fido shows him to possess a great many of man's virtues and few of his vices.

As we have said in others of these sermons, the dog is the *only* animal that will lay down his life for his master and there have been many instances when he has done this for his own kind as well.

Another fine thing about dogs is that their loyalty is given with no calculation of gain, no thought of self-interest and once given can only be lost by brutal treatment—and sometimes not even then.

When it comes to courage, there isn't a braver animal on earth. As we've remarked before, Airedales, and these weigh about 45 pounds, are used in South Africa to successfully hunt and hold lions. Mr. Lion, we'll note, weighs in around 450 to 500 pounds.

While we're extolling the dog's good points we'll add that our four-legged friend is pretty much of a gentleman; few dogs will attack a

dog smaller in size and very few males will fight the female—unless cornered.

The dog's a forgiving cuss, too. Wallop him for a misdeed and two minutes later if you speak a kind word he'll swarm all over you in appreciation.

And so, to summarize the pooch's character we find that (a) in his way and within his limitations, he can and does reason; (b) his mental abilities and disposition vary as they do with people, there being no breed markedly intelligent or stupid, sweet-tempered or bad-tempered; (c) he's the only animal that will give his life for his master and do it voluntarily; (d) he's the only animal that is loyal without thought of gain; (e) he's brave without question; (f) he's chivalrous; (g) he's forgiving; (h) he's the only animal that possesses a sense of his master's property rights and—well, you who own a good dog can very likely add a lot more to this.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit

(Continued from page 27)

fore leaving, he was presented with a dozen Lenox service plates on behalf of Atlanta, Decatur, East Point and Buckhead Lodges.

On Tuesday, March 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, which included Col. Kelly and Reginald Cavanaugh and also D.D. Harry K. Reid, Mrs. Reid, P.D.D. John F. Antwine and Mrs. Antwine of Birmingham, Ala., who accompanied Mr. Buch from Atlanta, were met on the highway by a large caravan of Elks with police escort, headed by E.R. William B. McCollough, Dr. H. A. Elkourie, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., President Emeritus Clarence M. Tardy, State Secy.-Treas. P. G. Buchanan, M. M. Walsh, Chairman of Arrangements, and City Commissioner James W. Morgan, all of Birmingham Lodge No. 79. Numerous Alabama lodges and the State Association were represented by past and present officers and special committees. All of the officers and trustees of No. 79 were in the welcoming delegation. At the Tutwiler Hotel a luncheon was given by the State Association, honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler for the State Crippled Children's Committee, the members of which were all present. Prominent surgeons, public service executives and physicians attended.

DR. ELKOURIE opened the meeting with a tribute to Mr. Buch's inspiring leadership and to the work of the Elks Crippled Children's Committee in Alabama. The meeting was then turned over to D.D. Harry K. Reid, Chairman of that committee, who acted as Toastmaster. Mr. Reid introduced the visitors and then gave a brief outline of the accomplishments, plans and objectives of the Elks' crippled children work in the State. He reported that the lodges had raised more than \$2,000 from a standing start on January 15 through March 1, and that anticipated revenue from the "365" memberships, or the penny-a-day plan, should reach \$75,000 a year. Mr. Reid then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who spoke on crippled children work, and explained in

detail the plan in operation in New Jersey where he is Chairman-Director of the Crippled Children's Commission. After the meeting, an inspection tour of the "365" Crippled Children Clinic was conducted and Grand Exalted Ruler Buch furnished the funds for a party for all the patients.

Initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's class was effected by the officers of Birmingham Lodge at six p.m. and Mr. Buch spoke, directing the greater part of his talk to the newly-made Elks. A reception, banquet and dance at eight-thirty, honoring Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, was attended by several hundred Elks and their ladies, including many who had participated in the preceding events, and other out of town guests. Grand Exalted Ruler Buch delivered a splendid address in which he stressed the defense and charity activities of the Order and in conclusion awarded the "Joe Buch Plaque" to Sheffield Lodge No. 1375 for having sold the most memberships beyond quota in the Elks Crippled Children's Fund. E.R. Gilbert R. Mayer accepted the beautiful plaque on behalf of Sheffield lodge. E.R. William B. McCollough then presented a handsome set of matched Bobby Jones golf clubs to Mr. Buch on behalf of Birmingham Lodge and expressed the hope that he would enjoy them on his swing through Florida.

THE next visit made by Grand Exalted Ruler Buch was to Cullman, Ala., Lodge, reported in our last month's issue together with his visit to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen at Birmingham. On the morning of March 12 the hotel men of Alabama gave a testimonial breakfast for Mr. Buch and his party at the Hotel Bankhead, Birmingham, at which Mr. Reid, District Deputy, and Mr. McCollough, Exalted Ruler, were invited guests.

Coming into the State of Florida on Thursday, March 13, the Grand Exalted Ruler was given a rousing welcome at Tallahassee and was tendered a banquet by Tallahassee Lodge No. 937. Among those present at the elab-

orate affair were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Lewis M. Lively, W. T. Moore, Jr., Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., E.R. J. R. Jinks, P.D.D. Irvin Gates, all of Tallahassee Lodge, with many other Past Exalted Rulers and the lodge officers, Past State Pres. Alto Adams of Fort Pierce Lodge, and a number of leading officials of the State of Florida.

LEAVING Tallahassee the next morning, accompanied by State President Moore and Mr. Jinks, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid an official visit to Jacksonville Lodge No. 221. E.R. Alan C. Winter, Jr., and Secy. Cecil B. Lowe, together with District Deputy C. G. Campbell of Lake City Lodge and a large Elk delegation, met the visitors. The party proceeded to the lodge home where a luncheon was given in Mr. Buch's honor.

On March 14 a large delegation from Palatka, Fla., Lodge, No. 1232, and the officers of Jacksonville Lodge escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party to Palatka. En route they visited the Jacksonville Air Base where an inspection of the Government's tremendous national defense undertaking was made through the courtesy of Lieutenant Commander Dr. W. Lee Ashton who was formerly house physician at the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla conducted by the Elks of Florida. Just outside Palatka, Mr. Buch and his party were met by E.R. W. D. Farnell, Mayor J. W. Campbell and a high school band and escorted to the new home of the lodge where a large reception was given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. A visit to the Ravine Gardens, noted for their azaleas which were at that time in full bloom, was made at 4 p.m. A banquet that evening at the Marian Hotel was followed by a meeting in the lodge room. Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., assisted Grand Exalted Ruler Buch in dedicating the new home of which the Palatka members are justly proud. The lodge is active in rendering community service and cooper-

ates wholeheartedly in contributing to the Harry-Anna Hospital and the Convalescent Center for crippled children at Umatilla. Other prominent Elks in attendance at the banquet and meeting were State President W. T. Moore, District Deputies Charles R. Walpole, Sarasota, C. G. Campbell, Lake City, and Harry Haimowitz, Lake Worth, and Judge Herbert B. Frederick, Past Exalted Ruler of Daytona Beach Lodge. Mr. Buch was presented with a handsome desk set.

IN COMPANY with Mr. Moore, a number of the officers and members of Palatka Lodge, the St. Augustine officers and a police escort, the travelers proceeded to St. Augustine, Fla., where they were welcomed by Exalted Ruler Charles T. Groh of the local lodge, No. 829. A reception at the lodge home was followed by a luncheon at the Hotel Munson after which a police escort was provided for the Grand Exalted Ruler's trip to Daytona Beach. On the outskirts of the city the party was met by Exalted Ruler Walter E. Foster and a large delegation of members of Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141 and escorted to the lodge home. At a fine reception held in his honor, Mr. Buch had the pleasure of meeting many prominent Elks as well as again greeting Mrs. Andrews, widow of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. Mr. Buch and his party, with a police escort, next visited De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463. There they were greeted by a large and enthusiastic representation of the membership headed by Exalted Ruler Jesse Mathis. From De Land the party, which included State President Moore and Exalted Ruler J. R. Jinks, Tallahassee, motored with police escort, to Umatilla where they visited the Harry-Anna Hospital and Convalescent Center. Upon arrival at the Center, the visitors were met by Superintendent J. Edwin Baker, Past Exalted Ruler of West Palm Beach Lodge and a Past President of the Florida State Elks Association, and the members of the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee. Accompanied by Mr. Baker, Mr. Buch and his party paid a visit to the County Fair where the Harry-Anna Home had an excellent display, after which they returned to the Center as the dinner guests of Mr. Baker. The officers and directors of the Hospital and Convalescent Center and the members of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee were present and after the dinner all phases of crippled children work were discussed.

En route to Fort Lauderdale, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his companions enjoyed a short sojourn at Orlando, Fla., where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Laird, personal friends of Mr. Buch, at the Hotel Lamar. Grand Exalted Ruler Buch and his party then motored to Miami Beach where they remained for the night. The next official visit made by the Grand Exalted Ruler was to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge No. 1517, reported in *The Elks Magazine* last month.



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But now it's different. There'll be no Europe as a vacation spot this year, yet this doesn't mean that those Elks who usually went abroad must now deny themselves a "different" kind of vacation.

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Vacations UNLIMITED

By John Ransom



Courtesy of The New Jersey Council

Mr. Ransom extolls the vacation virtues of New York and New Jersey from seashore to lake shore.

FOR seventy of the more than three hundred years since its first settlement, New Jersey was a Royal Province. On July 2nd, 1776, the first Constitution of the State was adopted at Burlington. On December 18th, 1787, the State unanimously ratified the Constitution of the United States, being the third State to ratify, and the second

State to do so unanimously.

The visitor to New Jersey, interested in history, should read each of the 110 historic highway markers erected by the New Jersey Commission on Historic Sites, to call the tourists' attention to the history of New Jersey. He should see the Washington Headquarters at Morristown, Somerville and Rocky Hill; the Steu-

ben House at North Hackensack; the Walt Whitman House in Camden; Nassau Hall in Princeton, and many other historic shrines which are still standing and open to the public."

All that is just to give you a background for one of the Nation's finest vacation States. Nobody who lives in New Jersey needs to be told about the lakes strewn with a lavish hand over Morris and Sussex Counties, or about the beauties of this highland lake region. For generations the northern lakes have been the summer playground of Jersey families, and now that the Lackawanna Railroad has provided fast trains to the region, many New Yorkers are following their example and spending their summers on Hopatcong, Cranberry, Budd, Owassa, Culver, Mohawk and others of the forty Sussex County lakes, or in the Morris County lake system centering in Denville, which is only an hour from New York.

The New Jersey lake country is first and foremost a family resort, where growing children flourish in an ideal atmosphere that is healthful, safe and full of enjoyment. The lakes lie at an altitude of a thousand feet or so, and are beautifully wooded with spruce and pine, so there is no mugginess in the air, but a bracing quality that is essential for a really good holiday. The largest lake, the famous Hopatcong, in its nine miles

of length manages to develop a shoreline sixty miles long, for it is charmingly broken by inlets and coves. Its Indian name means "honey waters of many coves," for the Lenni Lenapes knew Hopatcong, which they fished for black bass and pickerel, well enough to give it a descriptive name.

Jersey, however, is far more famous for its seashore resorts. Asbury Park, for instance, was founded only seventy years ago and is the center of one of the most popular and highly developed seashore resort sections in the Nation. It boasts of beachfront buildings and a seaside boardwalk promenade, representing an investment of \$25,000,000 which attracts 2,000,000 visitors every year. People come from near and far to enjoy the ocean bathing, to partake of the effervescent salt air and sunshine, to enjoy fishing, yachting, boating, sailing and all the numerous sports, diversions and recreations to be had at this gay spot.

And then there's Atlantic City which calls itself the "Magic Island of Make-Believe." The intangible quality which has made Atlantic City one of the world's premier resorts brings many people each year to walk and bicycle on The Boardwalk, bathe on the safest beach, fish for the gamy fighters of the "blue water", golf on five courses all year, play tennis and ride horseback on the beach.

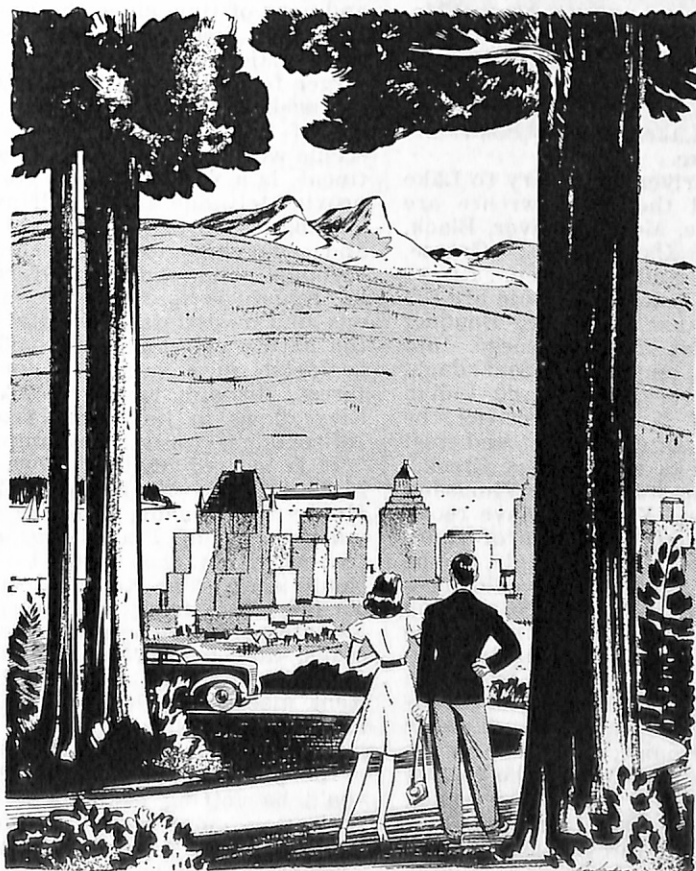
At this delightful resort you can

sail by day and night, dance to the music of the greatest orchestras, spend days on amusement piers, browse in luxurious shops, see exhibits of the world's leading manufacturers, visit the world's largest Convention Hall for conventions, concerts, lectures, pageants, ice hockey, ice carnivals, football games, etc., ride in rolling chairs, watch the never-ending fashion parade, relax in the sun in deck chairs, or enjoy the one hundred and one other things offered for your entertainment.

The County of Cape May, the oldest, yet the most modern seashore resort area in America, begins at a point just across Egg Harbor Bay from Atlantic City, and boasts of more miles of smooth, safe bathing beaches than any other section of the Atlantic Coast. Each resort community offers a particular appeal . . . whether for families, for fun, for fishing, boating or a composite of all vacation activities.

The resorts of Cape May County are within easy motoring distance of every section of the country. Splendid highways connect with the main trunk lines from all points. Railroad and bus facilities bring the County close to the metropolitan areas.

The Jersey coast offers many more resorts and beaches like Wildwood-by-the-Sea, Stone Harbor, Ocean City, Beach Haven and countless others. The choice of a vacation



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point is so varied, it's a little bewildering.

Just across the Hudson is New York City—the center of the world. There's no need to say anything about the city itself. Everyone in the world has heard of its wonders. But the State of New York has a lot of points you vacationists should relish hearing about.

In the foothills of the Catskill and Shawangung Mountains nestles that beautiful stretch of country embracing Orange, Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware Counties where, in the crisp, bracing air of the mountains, the various resorts welcome you to happy and health-giving recreation.

The region embracing these counties occupies the most elevated plateau between tidewater and New York City and the Great Lakes at Oswego, elevations varying up to 2,600 feet.

The 1500 lakes, rivers, ponds, brooks, creeks and streams of the Adirondacks are a rich endowment for the vacationists for on almost every beautiful waterway or lake are holiday haunts and vacation centers in the form of hotels, boarding cottages, camps, campsites, canoe routes, fishing or hunting grounds.

Situated in elevated spots of beauty, the lakes and ponds of the Adirondacks send their crystal-clear waters by delightful river, creek and brook pathways down the hills in four principal water-flows. These flows generally speaking run west to Lake Ontario, north and northwest to the St. Lawrence River; east to Lake Champlain; south to the Mohawk, itself of Adirondack origin, and also into the majestic Hudson River, the humble beginnings of which are in the central Adirondacks at Harris Lake, Round Pond and Sanford Lake.

Principal rivers tributary to Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence are the Raquette, Moose, Beaver, Black, St. Regis, Oswegatchie, Grasse, Chateaugay and Richelieu. Rivers flowing into Lake Champlain are the Chazy, Saranac, Ausable, Bouquet and the outlet of Lake George. Into the Hudson empty the Sacandaga, Schroon, Boreas, Cedar and Indian rivers. The Mohawk receives the Adirondack waters of east and west Canada Creeks and Caroga Creek.

Farther up-state is the Thousand Island region. You may have recollections in your memories of childhood days of the fairy tale of the dancing princesses who would meet their partners of the dance, a group of admiring princes, in an enchanted island region of indescribable beauty. Well, that's Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. It is a veritable paradise of nature; a paradise for the vacationist; a paradise for the fisherman; a paradise for the yachtsman; a paradise for the oarsman, canoeist and camper; a paradise for the golfer and for the person who desires a summer home.

The Thousand Islands are situated in the St. Lawrence River where the river-flow commences at the easterly

end of Lake Ontario. The islands extend easterly for about thirty miles and vary in size from mere dots on the map to large settled islands such as Wolfe or Long Island; Simcoe Island; Carleton Island; Grindstone Island; Wells Island, upon which are located Thousand Island Country Club, Thousand Island Yacht Club, Thousand Island Estates, Thousand Island Park, Fine View Park. Other sizeable islands and series of islands include the famous Admiralty Group; Murray Isle; Grenadier, Hill, Tar, Deer, and Heart Island, upon which is located famous Boldt Castle, a sightseeing feature of the river.

In the eastern part of the State, two of New York's most wondrous sights are Howe Caverns and Ausable Chasm. Howe Caverns is named after its discoverer, Lester Howe, who, in 1842, noticed a draught of cool air coming from a hole in the rocky ledge. His curiosity compelled him to enter the opening which led to this underground wonder.

Howe Caverns is a type of its own—just as Nature made it. It differs radically from other caverns, being a canyon 200 feet underground, made by centuries of persistent cutting of a subterranean stream. For nearly a mile and a half one experiences a thrill of seeing large underground chambers, a beautiful lake, colorful rock formations, stalactites and stalagmites of which, according to geologists, a cubic inch is one hundred years in the making. The mind of man can scarcely grasp the eons and eons of time since the first little atom of limestone was deposited which laid the foundations of the larger formations in Howe Caverns.

Ausable Chasm, beyond question one of the most impressive natural scenic wonders of the American continent, is a vast, tortuous gorge approximately one and a half miles in length, in places of abysmal depth and varying width, channeled through solid sandstone formation in prehistoric ages by some mysterious and resistless elemental force, the nature of which still baffles the geologist, in a setting of primeval forest, through which the Ausable River flows in its course from the Adirondacks to Lake Champlain.

It is located on the international highway between Albany, N. Y., and Montreal, Canada, about twelve miles south of Plattsburg, and is reached from the south by U. S. Route 9, and also Route 22 via Fort Ticonderoga; from the Adirondack Mountains by several hard-surface roads, and from New England by ferry direct from Burlington to Port Kent, also from other points in Vermont as well as by the Lake Champlain and Rouses Point bridges.

As you travel farther upstate you'll be getting near Lake Placid, that year-round mecca for holiday fun. Placid is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea in the heart of the great Adirondack Park. You can golf on nine courses, ride over 50 miles of bridle trails, sleep like a

child, swim, fish and hunt, hike and motor, and even climb the highest mountain in the State.

And there's one great peak, White-face (nearly a mile high), that you can ride up in your own motorcar via the Memorial Highway and from its rocky spire gaze out over the silent Adirondack wilderness . . . even catch a glimpse of Montreal nearly a hundred miles away. Lake Placid offers you more than two whole months of ice-skating from late June until early September. It's all indoors in the great Olympic Arena, where there's one of the largest indoor ice sheets in the country for you to cut a figure on.

August always brings Lake Placid's Midsummer Figure-Skating Operetta, one of the outstanding affairs of the Nation's summer season, with the leading ice stars of the United States and Canada taking part.

On the western side of the State is Niagara. Too much has been said of Niagara's beauty and grandeur for us to try to eulogize it. The best we can do is describe it. The water which flows over the Falls emanates from the upper four of the Great Lakes—Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. These four inland seas above the Falls, which in turn are supplied from hundreds of rushing rivers, large and small, cover a surface of over 150,000 square miles and contain nearly half of the fresh water of the globe. This fact gives some idea of the gigantic reservoirs whence come Niagara's waters.

The American Falls consist of the American and Luna or Center Falls and spread to a width of 1,100 feet, or nearly a quarter of a mile, the torrent taking the plunge in giant columns of billowy sweeps, down a sheer descent of 160 feet from the crown to the base of the precipice, into a gulf of spray that rises in clouds from the waters beneath. Here one sees an avalanche of supreme power—the strength and obstinacy of opposing forces . . . that final tumult that makes Niagara matchless, unrivaled as a spectacle.

The islands in the upper river spread the water evenly over the whole crest of the American Falls, presenting a complete curtain of water. The curtain is about one foot deep at the brink.

The Canadian or Horseshoe Falls are 1,800 feet in breadth, but actually reach from Goat Island to the Canadian shore, giving a panoramic sweep in width of 3,000 feet with a perpendicular drop of 162 feet. An enormous volume of water passes over this cataract estimated at almost twenty times the amount discharged by the American Falls and, by its contours and moods, presents an entirely new spectacle from its American wonder.

At the center of the Horseshoe, because of its great depth from toe to heel, the waters take on a dark green hue, the deep emerald mass changing into fitful flying colors as they pass the first curve, as if con-



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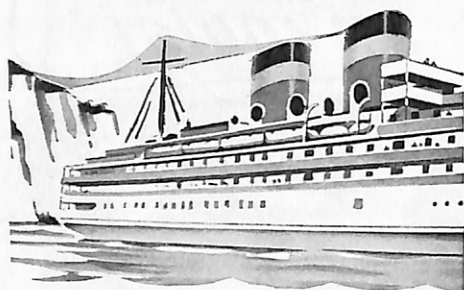
NEARBY PARKING AND GARAGES

SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the August issue should reach us by June 15th.

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centrating their mighty powers on the Falls. Vapor rises above the cataract in a whirling cream of spray.

For our money, there is no sight as impressive. The great city of Buffalo is not far from Niagara on the United States side, and Toronto and Hamilton, in Ontario are but a few miles away on the Canadian side.

Speaking of Canada—almost all of New York's northern boundary is on the Canadian line. If you travel up the middle of the State past Platts-

burg, where Uncle Sam has one of his largest training bases, you're not much more than a pleasant ride from Montreal, Sherbrooke, Quebec and all those other lovely Canadian cities.

The States of New Jersey and New York have prepared and make available to you literature to help you decide what you want to do. Send us a note, addressed to the Travel Department of *The Elks Magazine* and we will have the information sent to you.

With Richards on Safari

(Continued from page 21)

These dances at Gallup are in themselves worth a trip to New Mexico. For four days, afternoon and evening, representatives of forty of the great western tribes dance in full regalia many of the wild, mysterious ceremonials which until recently very few white men had seen. Hundreds of Indians attend the dances with their families, living in their covered wagons on the ceremonial grounds throughout the event. The high-cheeked Navajo with his dutiful, colorfully-skirted woman, the square, friendly Hopi, the taciturn, evasive but gorgeously bedecked Zuni, and the Oklahoma Cherokee, who wears a huge, eagle-feathered warbonnet and looks like we think an Indian should look—these and dozens of other individualistic tribes make up the most unusual and thoroughly American pageant of our time.

During ceremonial week a huge auditorium is given over to a display of Indian handicraft—ornamental silver, pottery, baskets and rugs. You'd better button up your pocketbook before you go in here. The woman isn't born who can resist the highly decorated silver belts, the turquoise jewelry, the lovely Ildefonso pottery and the beautifully woven, artistically designed baskets and rugs. Silver work and rug weaving are new to the Indians and have been developed to a real art only recently. Now every few miles along Highway 66, which cuts straight across northern New Mexico, beautiful rugs are on display in front of a dome-shaped mud and log hut, called a hogan, the home of the Navajo.

The Navajo is the answer to the fear of many people that the red man is rapidly vanishing from this continent. Far from vanishing, he is increasing by leaps and bounds and threatens to crowd out his less prolific aboriginal neighbors. In the past fifty years his population has grown from 15,000 to 50,000 and shows no sign of a let-up. His wealth, measured in terms of sheep and horses, has also increased and created a minor dust bowl problem from overgrazing the lands allotted him on the reservation.

But though the fame of the Navajo (and his number) is rapidly in-

creasing, he still has nothing to show or sell that rivals the greatest aboriginal show on this continent—the annual Hopi snake dance. Here, in this most serious of religious festivals, is found all the mysticism, fervent supplicating idolatry, face painting and naked, penetrating rhythms that are practiced by early men anywhere. The Hopi snake dance is one of the seven wonders of America and if you're a determined and skillful driver and haven't got a lot of squealing females in your car there is a good chance you can see it.

The Hopi Reservation is northwest of Gallup in the center of the vast Navajo Reservation in Arizona. To reach it you travel many, many miles over dirt roads which in dry weather are merely dusty and bumpy. But when it rains they are slithering quagmires when they aren't completely washed out by torrential flash floods. It rains every day in this country in late summer, and when it rains I mean rain. Not just the plain rain that comes with, say, a hurricane. This is real, honest-to-goodness water and the drops are as big as pineapples. It starts quickly and ends quickly but while it lasts it's wet. Along the road to the Hopi country are dozens of washes and when it rains they have water in them. When it is dry they are dry, too. When you come to one of these in the rain, if it isn't too deep you drive through it. If it's too deep you sit and wait until it isn't. This may be a few minutes or a few hours, but you sit and wait just the same. If you aren't constitutionally prepared, if necessary, to spend the night in front of a roaring wash, don't go into this country at all.

The way you find out whether it's too deep or not is very simple. You take off your shoes and socks and wade out in the stream. If it comes up to your hips, it's too deep. Sometimes tourists have attempted to cross the more treacherous of these washes without due preliminary explorations. The natives will tell you that in not a few cases they have left their cars behind them sinking slowly into oblivion and quicksand.

But the chances of this happening to you are very remote. You can drive for a week in this back coun-

try without anything happening more serious than skidding. But if it's wet, put your chains on, brother, put your chains on.

Usually the best jumping off place for the snake dance is Lorenzo Hubbell's Trading Post in Oraibi. This is within striking distance of several villages, which is important because the locale of the dance changes from year to year. Hopi Villages are built of mud and stone on the tops of high, remote mesas and command views of some of the best scenery in the world. Oraibi itself has a permanent population of twenty-five and is the oldest continuously occupied community in North America.

The snake dance is the climax of nine days of preparation, fasting, dancing and prayer which makes up the principal rain ceremony of the Hopis. It is participated in by two religious groups within the village, the Snakes and the Antelopes. Each of these groups occupies a separate underground kiva, or temple, which serves also as a clubhouse, and has its own rites. After study of the moon and stars, the priest of the Snakes sets a propitious date for the final dance. Then for five days he and his group of ten to thirty remain in the kiva fasting and bathing in secret herb brews to prepare themselves for intimate communion with the gods. At the end of this period, the snake gatherers go out and for four days scour the country in the four directions of the compass, gathering all the snakes they can. The snakes are to carry the appeals for rain to the gods.

Meanwhile, the Antelope priests are preparing a secret brew in which to bathe and purify the snakes and another concoction which acts as an emetic to be taken after the dance to rid dancers bitten by rattlesnakes of the poison.

AT ONE end of the village plaza a conical bower or tepee of cottonwood branches is built, and in this bower the cleansed snakes are put. On the eighth day of the ceremonies the Antelopes have their dance in which the Snakes join. Near sundown on the ninth day the two societies again march silently out of their kivas and line up facing one another. They range from old men to boys of five and six, each dressed and painted in the tradition of his society. A chant is started and the dance begins to a peculiar rhythmic beat which insinuates itself into your consciousness and draws you into the spirit of the ceremony. Then from the bower a snake priest is handed a snake which he holds between his teeth while he dances slowly and with unchanging expression about a large circle. As he does so, each priest in turn is also handed a snake until a dozen of them are dancing in unison with the serpents writhing about their faces. As each dancer completes the circle, his snake is handed to a gatherer and another taken from the bower, until all the snakes have

been danced about by a priest. At the end, the gatherers have their arms full of snakes which are then dumped in a huge, squirming pile in a circle described by meal, symbol of fruitful crops. Immediately, the gatherers plunge their hands into the writhing mass, grabbing as many snakes as they can carry, and run full speed from the plaza down the steep slopes of the mesa to the valley hundreds of feet below. There they place the snakes in crevices or under overhanging rocks to carry the fervent prayers for rain to the gods beneath the earth.

Everyone wonders why the dancers aren't bitten to death by the rattlesnakes. In the first place, all the snakes used in the dance aren't rattlers. The Hopis don't care what the make of the snake is, consequently they use king snakes, bull snakes, blue racers and rattlers indiscriminately. But most of the snakes are rattlers and there is no doubt that the dancers are bitten. Evidently the emetic used is effective even after an hour or so of dancing, for the Hopis will swear that no dancer has ever died from snake poisoning and the Hopis are an honest people.

Now for a rule or two about the dances: Although the dances are given in all seriousness to benefit the entire world, those who attend them are actually there as guests of the Hopis. The tourist must remember that he has no rights and he must, therefore, conform fully to the Hopis' customs. Principal among these, in addition to common courtesy, is that photographing these ceremonies is absolutely forbidden. Anyone carrying a camera into an Indian village during the ceremonial period will be ejected from the reservation and his camera confiscated. It doesn't make any difference whether it's a dollar Brownie or a \$2,000 movie camera, they'll take it away and you won't get it back and no court in the land will get it back for you. And don't walk too close to the kivas. If you appear to be snooping or spying, you will be resented and unwelcome.

There are other dances in this country, many of them. Every village has them at various times throughout the year. Although none is so dramatic as the snake dance, some are more beautiful and more gorgeously costumed. South of Gallup at Zuni, largest Indian village in America, hideously beautiful masks are often worn and as many as fifty dancers participate in certain all-day ceremonials. The Acomas, the Santa Claras, the Taos, the Apaches, and other tribes all have their distinctive dances, but unless you have a lot more time than a working man should, you'd best plan to see them as presented at the ceremonials at Gallup. That'll give you a working idea.

In dealing with the Indians of the Southwest, there are one or two tricks that might be helpful. If, for example, you want to take a picture

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of a maiden or a weather-beaten oldster, and they seem very shy, miraculously produce a good old United States silver quarter. It'll work wonders in relieving excessive modesty. Silver money will open a lot of doors for you, a silver dollar being much more potent than a paper dollar. But don't pass it out too freely. Remember the annual per capita income of the Indian is less than \$125.00 a year. They'll spoil easily.

Some of the Indian pueblos have got the money question down to a fine science. At Acoma, for example, which is on top of the steepest and highest pinnacle you ever climbed, you arrive at the top dizzy from exertion and puffing your lungs out, to be greeted firmly with the information that you can't set foot in the village for less than a dollar per head. You pay it and are told without sympathy that all the food and water used by the Acomans for hundreds of years has been carried up the path you just climbed. You are also told in a monotonous singsong that years ago they carried up enough stone to build a huge church which you can see—for 25c extra.

But nowhere in the Southwest is the fine art of nicking the tourist conducted on a more business-like basis than at Taos. This beautiful little pueblo has attracted many, too many tourists, because it is near the widely publicized artists' and writers' colony in the city of Taos. People go there for atmosphere which, because they go there, no longer exists. You can approach the Taos pueblo without cost but once you get in, it will cost you a dollar to take pictures and 25c every time you want an Indian to pose for you. And if you don't pay the quarter, thinking you'll get pictures anyway, I can assure you that you will come away only with some excellent shots of Indian squaw posteriors. They don't look so good in an album.

Another of the seven wonders of America is located out in this country. It was discovered only comparatively recently and is very little known, but it certainly ranks in importance along with Yosemite, Niagara Falls, Yellowstone, the giant California Redwoods, and Greta Garbo. This is Carlsbad caverns in southern New Mexico, and

if there is anything left that will take your breath away, here it is. These are the largest caverns in the world, and when I say large I mean mammoth and even then you have no idea how big they are. Tremendous underground rooms populated by grotesque shapes created by the slow, steady drip-drip of water through limestone for millions of years have been made doubly impressive by the beautiful and completely disguised lighting system installed by the National Park service.

It takes several hours to go through the caverns and lunch is served for you and several hundred others in your party in a "room" 750 feet below the surface.

When you go to Carlsbad in spring or summer, arrange to arrive in the afternoon before the morning you go through the caverns. Find a place to stay for the night, which is sometimes difficult after 4 P. M. Then drive out to the caverns before dusk and see a spectacle which even Cecil B. DeMille couldn't produce. From a cave leading off the mouth of the cavern, hundreds then thousands then millions of bats fly out each night in search of insects for food. The flight begins at sunset and you can see the bats circling for altitude deep in the cave. Gradually they attain the level of the hills above the opening and fly off to the south in an endless stream. The outward flight continues for hours; and the bats return before dawn to hang by their feet, heads down, in great clusters in a section of the cavern known as the Bat Cave. Three million bats fly out each night to eat bugs, except during the winter hibernation. The insects don't like it.

BY THE time you've trotted this far around New Mexico and Arizona and likely, if you're smart, seen the cliff dwellings in Mesa Verde, and Grand Canyon, descending to the bottom by a mule you never learn to trust, and visited a few churches and museums, and Frijoles Canyon and Tesuque, and Bishop's Lodge, and bought souvenirs until your pocketbook is so thin you can't feel it; at this point you are ready for a change. Well, it's right there in New Mexico for you. It's Santa Fe. Yessir, Santa Fe is the tonic for the unnerved tourist. When you begin to get the Navajo shakes, drive on to Santa Fe, stop at Fred Harvey's exquisite La

Fonda, walk into one of the many rooms where they serve excellent drinks, and come out a new man.

And a new man you'll need to be, because if you have timed it right, the Labor Day weekend, you are just under the wire for the Santa Fe Fiesta, the oldest community celebration in the United States. It's been going on since 1712 and in this time the natives have got the technique of raising hell down to such a science that it's practically refined—if you can refine pure abandon. Costume dress is practically mandatory. The women dress like Navajo women and the men dress in whatever is left over. But it doesn't hurt after the third bend of the elbow, nothing hurts after that until the morning of the fourth day and then it's all over, so it doesn't matter.

During this intervening period of semi-consciousness and extreme pleasure you may have done any number of things which are just as well remembered somewhat dimly. You may have ridden around the plaza on a burro—lots of people do. Or you may have taken a turn on the ancient hand-operated merry-go-round which gives the Indian kids the thrill of a lifetime. Or maybe you got mixed up in a Navajo squaw dance where you were asked to dance by a lady Indian and released only upon the customary presentation of a gift. Then there is the parade in which you could have taken part, and a seemingly endless succession of dances at any one of which maybe you got first prize. Or perhaps maybe you just sat under the stars in the romantic La Placita, reading words of love in the flashing eyes of a dark New Mexican beauty while troubadours strummed and sang. Maybe you did, you hope.

These are the things you think of as the world begins to come back into focus on the morning of the fourth day. And then, suddenly, you realize that your quest on the trail of the Santa Fe is ended; you have arrived. There are cathedrals, and shops and museums in this city of pleasure, scads of them. But somehow with the Fiesta over, your thoughts begin to turn to the facade of the public library back in Oshkosh. A mighty nice piece of work, you think, and it would look pretty good right now. Well, when you get to this point you don't need me any more. If you've got any money left, go on home.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

gone, and so is the majestic forest. High speed logging took care of that. The patient horse is gone, too, and so is the elder of the two anglers. For you see that all happened 30 years ago this month, and time marches on.

Design for Living.

Do you crave to get away from it

all, pal, and lead the simple life? Up with the birds every morning and lulled to sleep each night by the dulcet hooting of owls? And do it in a country noted for its excellent hunting and even better fishing? Don't shove, boys, let's be little gentlemen! It's as simple as A.B.C, and here's how to realize your dream:

The Province of Ontario is leasing

2,000,000 of its 14,000,000 acres of crown lands to individuals, sportsmen's clubs and commercial camp owners this year. These lands are tax free and located in some of the finest hunting and fishing territory of that province, including the Nipigon, famous for its big squaretails, Lake-of-the-Woods, Rainy River, Algoma, Timiskaning, Thunder Bay,

Kawartha Lakes and other stand-out spots.

According to Peter Heenan, Ontario Minister of Lands and Forests at Toronto, these crown lands will be leased at \$15 per acre per annum on terms up to 21 years, so that tenants who build will be afforded protection. Thousands of small islands of from one to 10 acres are available. And most are smack in the middle of fishin' as is fishin'. Catch your breakfast right off the cabin porch each morning, and the hell with rising food costs!

Many of the above-mentioned angling hotspots are easily reached from such border points as Buffalo, Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie. New and improved roads have made great tracts of land accessible, and practically all plots are well wooded and on high, well-drained land.

Crown lands are not subject to tax, but buildings are taxed one percent of their value, with a minimum annual tax of \$2. Buildings must be erected on leased property within a limited time, and to facilitate this the Department of Lands and Forests issues plans and specifications for various types of camps, clubs, group buildings and summer homes, which local labor will build at costs of from \$350 up.

Bedtime Fables Dept.

This is the season when you read and hear a lot about "educated" fish, particularly trout. According to these stories, it takes nothing less than a streamside savant to catch these finny smarties—the general practitioner hasn't a Chinaman's chance.

This alleged fish sagacity thing always makes an interesting story, as is testified by innumerable yarns which have been and will continue to be written along that line. The only hitch is that these stories stem from faulty reasoning, faulty observation and vivid imaginations.

In reality, there is no such thing as an "educated" trout. A squaretail in a heavily-fished stream in New York State or Pennsylvania is just as dumb as a Canadian relative, finning a wilderness brook. The fact the wilderness trout is easier to catch, generally speaking, has nothing to do with intelligence. Actually, the "educated" trout gag boils down to a simple matter of food, as follows:

On the average, heavily fished streams carry a light, sub-normal trout population, a fish population much below that of a back-of-beyond stream, where natural conditions prevail. These backwoods trout must scratch for a living. Such fish almost always are on the alert for food; they're almost always hungry. There is only so much food available and there are lots of trout competing for that food supply.

Such fish grab anything that looks like something to eat, not because they're less wary than the so-called educated fish, but because competition to survive is more intense. They

can't afford to pass up chances.

Reverse conditions prevail on close-in, heavily fished streams. Trout population is sparse, to begin with, and becomes even more reduced as the season progresses unless hatchery trucks make additional deposits. And while these trout are falling off in number, their natural food supply increases. This last, in turn, reduces the competition for food to such an extent that the few surviving fish can surfeit themselves in a matter of minutes.

All of which makes for difficult angling. Not because the trout are "educated", but because they're so stuffed with food the angler's lure is no attraction. These fish can be compared to the gent who has tucked away a big Sunday dinner and who, after retiring to a convenient sofa, is urged to eat another piece of mince pie.

Then, too, the fact some large trout can't be taken on a No. 12 fly doesn't necessarily indicate they can't be caught with something else. Brown trout, for instance, have the reputation of being hard to catch on small artificials after attaining two- to three-pound weight. Again the answer is not fish wisdom, but a changed diet. Large trout, particularly browns, are minnow eaters. So are big brookies.

This last was proved to the writer a couple of years ago in Newfoundland. Fox Island River was loaded with big squaretails weighing from 1½ to six- and seven-pound weight. It was no trick to catch the little fellows on small bucktails, but if you wanted to interest a big fish you either tossed it a streamer fly and spinner combination, or a live, seven-inch smelt.

It's an Ancient Pastime.

And while we're speaking of fly fishing it might be remarked that this pleasant sport isn't exactly a new game. Researchers have uncovered the fact that ancient Macedonians used a lure, tied on a bronze hook, which simulated a hoss fly known as the hippouros. This artificial had a body of purple wool and wings cunningly cut from the feathers of a rooster.

History doesn't reveal what those ancients fished for or whether they were predisposed to mendacity like their latter-day confreres. It is sufficient the hippouros caught fish—presumably trout.

Since those far-off days, however, the number of anglers who cast with a fly has grown, and so has the number of lures. Perusal of a catalog reveals that the Macedonians' hippouros sired a large and ever-growing family, some members of which are so little known the average fly caster never has heard of them. Actually, there are upward of 1000 established artificial fly patterns, and this number does not include scores of "new" creations appearing every season, most of which are imitations of variations of previously established lures.

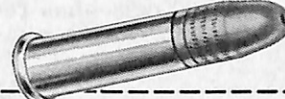
How many trouters, for instance,



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are familiar with the Coch-y-Bondhu, Poole's Long Hackle or the Little Chap? All of 'em hackle flies and all fish killers. Or the Zulu, Grouse and Claret or Oak Fly?

Scan the list of salmon flies and some lulus are uncovered. Ever hear of the Coiner? And how about the Silver Erriff, Grey Monkey and Murray Doune? We never used 'em, but those flies have caught fish for generations. So have the Candlestick Maker, Golden Eagle, Little Inky Boy, Penpergwm Pet and the Toppy.

Your reporter is becoming increasingly confused over this scientific angling trend. Trout fishing—or any other kind of fishing, for that matter—no longer is a simple matter of \$6.75 worth of gear and a day off. No, sir! Angling now is a science, with occult overtones.

According to some piscatorial savants, no angler should sally forth without first having his horoscope cast. Profound delving—still according to these angling Yogis—has revealed that all true fishermen are in-

fluenced by three signs of the zodiac—Taurus, the bull; Capricornus, the goat and Pisces, the fishes.

Anglers coming under the influence of Pisces are, of course, naturally lucky. Those guys never miss. Those born under Capricornus, of which your reporter is a distinguished member, never catch anything. Piscatorial goats, so to speak.

Patient investigation has disclosed that many anglers are born when Taurus the bull is in the ascendant. While this previously unrevealed fact cannot be explained, it does disclose why so many fishermen are given to falsehood.

Then we have an ever-growing number of fishing fans who operate with piscatorial scratch-sheets of one kind or another, some of which reveal tide phases, lunar pull and the exact time those speckled beauties are scheduled to go on the feed. Obviously, there is no sense fishing when fish aren't feeding; better to remain in camp and continue that stud game.

What puzzles your reporter, however, is how those scientific charts can be plotted so many months in advance, and without consulting the fish.

In addition to these angling form players, we have another scientific group of rod and reelers which fishes by calendar. These calendars are studded with fish, ranging from pure white to deepest black, not to mention some whose mummies and pappies were careless, to say the least. By passing up periods on the calendar indicated by little white fishies—which mean poor sport—and concentrating on more auspicious periods indicated by little black fishies—which mean grand sport—the calendar fisherman never goes wrong more than 50 percent of the time.

Personally, we always go fishing when the calendar indicates the worst possible conditions. There aren't any scientific anglers abroad on such occasions and it gives a non-scientific fisherman plenty of opportunity to catch fish.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 17)

a father confessor, a loan bank, an authority on the weather. Men who needed a drink during prohibition came to him with orders on his bonded whiskey; men who needed to be cured of the drink habit came to him for his formula. Young men who had sowed wild oats and women eager to cheat nature consulted him; in return he gave them something to settle nerves or cure a cold, according to the need. He knew everybody's secrets and gave the best advice he could. He often had to run to the phone while filling a prescription or sell a 2-cent stamp in the middle of a busy day. Mr. Nixon tells the story of the woman who came in every other day to buy a 2-cent stamp. "You do a lot of writing," remarked the druggist. "Yes," she said, "I want to be fair. I buy my drugs from the other drug store and my stamps from you." "That's fine," said the druggist, "but would it make any difference to you if you did it the other way around?" This frank book is published by Prentice-Hall at \$2.50.

"Whistle Stop," by Maritta Wolff, is a first novel that is going to create a lot of talk, especially among literary critics, and much of the comment will be favorable. For although it deals with the humdrum, and at times coarse, lives of the members of an ordinary family in a small town, it is completely authentic; every character is comprehensible and takes his place in your imagination. The family gets by without much money. The mother toils away at household duties, is something of a slattern and has never been able to control the manners of her children. The oldest daughter, Mary, whose child, Dorothy, lives in the household, is the sweetheart of a ho-

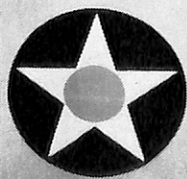
tel man who is also a sort of small-time gangster. One of the sons is an overbearing foreman of railroad shops who has been making free with the company's gasoline. Another, the most interesting of the men, is a good-natured vagabond. Two adolescent girls, twins, have opposite characteristics; one enjoys association with a fast town girl, the other is wary of the advances of boys. An adolescent boy is badly plagued by all that goes on around him. The author accomplishes the difficult feat of making these shabby characters real and the whole story exciting. The author wrote this book while a senior in the University of Michigan and won the Avery Hopwood prize for 1940 with it. If she could do this as a beginning, she is bound to be heard from with stronger work. (Random House)

ERICH Maria Remarque wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front", a book that told the truth about the way the ordinary German soldier was sent to be butchered. Hitler didn't like it; the book was burned and Remarque became a fugitive. He is now in the United States earning copious royalties from Hollywood, which, we hope, will heal his wounds. He ought to know how it feels to be exiled, to become a man without a country. His new novel, "Flotsam", is about the rootless people, the men and women who have been shoved out of Germany, who are not wanted in Austria, who move restlessly between Vienna, Prague, Zurich, Berne and Paris. Ludwig Kern has a Jewish father and a Protestant mother—so not even the Jewish agency in Zurich can help him. He has a hopeless attitude toward life; sometimes he meets men who are mean and

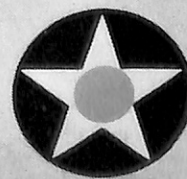
bitter; sometimes he meets officials who are kind, or want to be. Josef Steiner is more crafty. The girl, Ruth Holland, becomes the chief concern of Kern's life because she is weak and defenseless. Of all ages are the refugees who move fitfully across Europe; men and women who can't get the right to work, who are put in jail for vagrancy and then sent over the border into a country that has no use for them. Remarque's story-telling is episodic and doesn't have the bitterness and violence you meet in Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night", but maybe that is why it makes much greater demands on our feelings and seems quite plausible. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50)

The biography that General Sir Archibald Wavell has written about Allenby, the victor of Mesopotamia in the last war, is an important work, for it describes not only Allenby but gives a clear idea of Wavell's views on military affairs. Thus "Allenby: a Study in Greatness" comes at an opportune moment. General Wavell was associated with Allenby through many years; he knows a great deal about Allenby's record in France and defends his memory against the charge that he was wasteful of human life. Best of all he studied his methods in the Near East and, no doubt, profited by them. The book describes Allenby's career through the victory of Megiddo, which ended the battle in Palestine. It shows how carefully Allenby prepared for eventualities, how he made use of surprise, how he was able to use cavalry, how he was a stickler for rules yet invariably forgave men afterward. This precise study of a military leader reminds us that the old days of glorification are over. (Oxford University Press, \$3.50)

WINGS OVER AMERICA



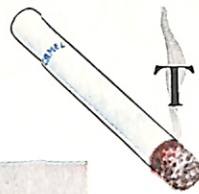
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THE SMOKE'S



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Camels; they burn
slower and smoke
Extra Mild"**

—Right, Ben Hogan!

The *smoke* of slower-burning
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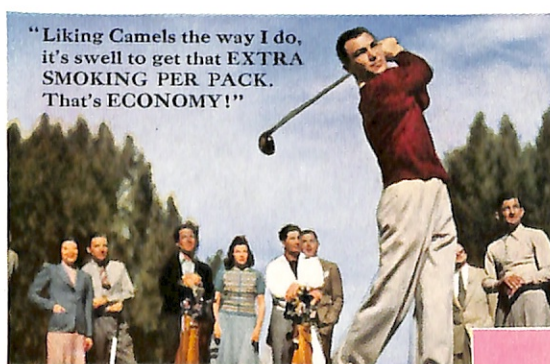
than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

135 POUNDS—but they say he has the greatest
swing in golf. And to champion Ben Hogan, Camel's
extra mildness is mighty important. Important to
any smoker... because this extra mildness is in
the smoke itself.

And Camels give you less nicotine in the smoke
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tested... 28% *less* than the average of the other
brands. Extra mildness—extra freedom from nico-
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always hits the spot.
That's why I don't
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**"And Camels
smoke so much
Cooler, too!"**



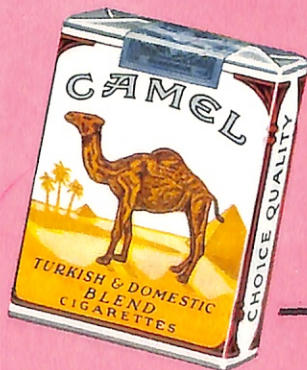
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